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The Shape of Things

WHILE THE GERMANS ARE CONSOLIDATING their hold on southeastern Norway, the Norwegians seem gradually to be organizing a stronger resistance in the center of the country and are now in sight of aid. The Allies have established themselves in some force at Namsos and Andalsnes, north and south of Trondheim respectively, and should have a good chance of surrounding the small German garrison in that city. In this case they would command railroads and highways providing rapid communications with the Norwegian forces operating around Hamar. Lacking air bases, however, they may have trouble in countering Nazi air attacks on every town they hold. Authorities in London are discouraging hopes of rapid success in driving the Nazis out of Norway and suggest that they expect large-scale fighting before that object is achieved. To the extent, however, that Hitler has been thwarted in his hopes of overrunning the whole country before the Allies could send aid, a real victory has already been achieved. Unless Berlin is willing to admit defeat and withdraw its troops, a course which would involve tremendous loss of prestige, it will be forced to devote much larger resources to maintaining its position. But at best its single line of communications via the Kattegat is hazardous, and the temptation to force an alternative route through Sweden must be increasing. There are reports of growing German aerial activity over that country, but the Swedes are on the alert and the losses suffered by the German fleet have added to the relative strength of the Swedish navy. Thus the decision to draw Sweden into the fight is not one which Hitler can take lightly.

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HAS AIR POWER SUPERSEDED SEA POWER? That long-standing controversy is being put to a practical test off the coast of Norway, and the evidence to date suggests that strong navies are not yet outmoded. It is true that Germany claims a great many successes for the bombers it has pitted against British battleships and transports, but Berlin has now reluctantly admitted that the Allies have made landings at several points on the Norwegian coast. The British Admiralty, which on the whole has been prompt in announcing losses and cautious in making claims, asserts that the Norwegian expeditionary force has been put ashore without the loss of a man. Moreover, a British squadron has been able to approach Stavanger and turn its heavy guns on the airport there without meeting serious opposition. There seems, in fact, little doubt that the Allied grip on the North Sea is even stronger than before Hitler launched his Scandinavian campaign. If this impression is confirmed, it will have an important bearing on the major strategy of the war. For Hitler was certainly counting on giving his friend Mussolini a demonstration of the superiority of air power which would encourage him to try conclusions with the Allies in the Mediterranean, where he is relatively stronger in the air than on the water.

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DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THE NEW COMMUnist line seems to be disappearing down a drainpipe. Ever since the end of the Finnish invasion there have been signs of a chill in the air between Berlin and Moscow. Not major signs, but those little telltale indications which in diplomacy spell the difference between love and sufferance. First there was the much-heralded visit that Molotov never made to Berlin; then Ambassador Maisky's suggestions to Lord Halifax that the Soviets were willing to sell war materials to England as well as Germany; then the icy silence in the Kremlin concerning the rape of Denmark and Norway. Add to these portents such straws as the congratulations that Stalin failed to send to Hitler on his birthday and the revised attitude of the Soviet newspaper *Trud*. Not only does that journal point out that nowhere on earth do the interests of France conflict with those of Russia, but it goes on to chide one of its own writers for having previously depicted Britain as a horseman riding an equine France to battle. Welcoming a possible German-Russian breach on behalf of the Allies, P. J. Philip of the New York *Times* is discovering retroactively that Russia's foreign policy of the past nine months has been essentially anti-German. Mr. Philip informs us that secret orders have already gone out through the Communist International that the com-

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rades are to "evolve" in their attitude toward the war and even "to join their efforts openly to support the national cause" in their respective countries. Mr. Philip is not beyond wishful thinking, but all the same we advise our readers—and the editors of the *Daily Worker*—to watch out for the next sharp turn of that old "locomotive of history."

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HULL'S STATEMENT ON THE DUTCH EAST Indies had a significance out of all proportion to its moderate tone. Coming as a reply to Arita's declaration against any change in status of the islands it can only be interpreted as a direct warning to Japan. For all Japan's actions in the past few years point to its intentions to seize these Dutch possessions in case of a German invasion of the Netherlands. The islands contain oil and other raw materials essential to Japanese military and naval operations. Moreover, they are of immense strategic importance in the area which the Japanese navy has long regarded as the logical region for Japanese expansion. And the navy has been restive as a result of the glory heaped upon the army in recent years. Under these circumstances it is hardly likely that Secretary Hull's warning will in itself stop Japan, though the presence of the American battle fleet on maneuver in the western Pacific may. Perhaps even more effective will be the fact that seizure of the Indies would certainly be resisted by the Allies, who dare not allow the islands to fall into the hands of a potential enemy. Whether the Allies are strong enough to stop Japan is far from certain. The situation will bear close watching, lest the East Indies provide the back door for America's entrance into the European war.

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HOPE FOR A COMPROMISE IN INDIA HAS virtually disappeared as a result of last week's official British statement that "in the circumstances there does not seem to be anything further that the government can do." A call has been issued to All-India National Congress committees throughout the country to prepare for a declaration of civil disobedience. The British authorities have countered with a warning that this campaign will be crushed with the full force at their command. Already the application of repressive measures has gone much farther than is generally realized. The Indian constitution has for all practical purposes been suspended, and the provincial governors have taken over administration as an emergency measure. The Defense of India regulations imposed in September are extraordinarily sweeping. They give British constables unlimited power to arrest anyone suspected of acts which might impede the prosecution of the war. Those arrested are subject to penalties ranging to life imprisonment or death and imposed by special tribunals. Numerous persons have already been seized under these regulations, including Hundi Vishnu Kamrath, secretary of the left-wing group opposed to Gandhi's moderate Congress program. Many Bombay labor leaders have also been imprisoned. In preparation for the showdown over civil disobedience practically all native Indian troops have been moved out of the country. It would seem that only an unmistakable indication of America's interest would save India from a repetition of the brutal repression used against Gandhi's previous campaign of non-violent civil disobedience.

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MEN IN HIGH PLACES ARE FASHIONING A legal barricade to keep Bertrand Russell out of City College. First there was Justice McGeehan's incredible decision voiding the appointment, then his ruling that Russell could not become a party to the proceedings. Next Mayor LaGuardia eliminated Russell's post from the budget; his corporation counsel obediently advised the Board of Higher Education to drop the case; and now, following the board's refusal to yield, a minority of board members—led by Charles Tuttle—is trying to prevent the board from hiring its own attorney. Thus no stone is being left unturned to obscure the real issues and to avoid their review by a higher court. But the board shows no sign of flinching, and it is doubtful that the issues can be sidetracked. The danger is that complex and protracted litigation will cool popular resentment over the attack on Russell. It is apparent that organized bigotry in New York is prepared to fight the matter out if it takes all year—and the longer the better.

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IN 1937 AT THE FORD PLANT IN DALLAS workmen were given copies of a pamphlet entitled "Ford Gives Viewpoint on Labor." If the intermediate report to the National Labor Relations Board by Trial Examiner R. W. Denham is correct, company officials did not limit themselves to the gentler methods of persuasion. Denham finds that strong-arm squads were formed of "the most brutal, vicious, and conscienceless thugs in its employ, who could be counted on to accept an opportunity to indulge their sadistic desires in lieu of additional compensation upon any person pointed out to them as a C. I. O. organizer, member, advocate, or sympathizer to be beaten, whipped, tarred, and feathered." On the basis of evidence presented at the hearings before him, the trial examiner accuses the Ford Motor Company of embarking on a program of spying and unlimited brutality in an effort to fight attempts to unionize it. Officials even went so far, he states, as to plan a murder. The record in the case also includes the story told by a dying man to his twin brother alleging that he had been beaten to

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death by the Ford "strong-arm squad" in mistake for his twin. "Blackjacks, loaded hose, and cat-o'-nine-tails made of rubber stripping and electric-light wire" were among the weapons used by the strong-arm squad, according to the trial examiner. If the practices described in his report are proved and go unpunished, the Bill of Rights can soon be added to Henry Ford's collection of quaint Americana.

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IN PLEASANT CONTRAST IS THE PICTURE OF the peaceful elections held for collective-bargaining purposes in the plants of the General Motors Corporation. A few years ago General Motors was fighting unionization, as Ford is still fighting it. The new elections and the conditions under which they were held are a tribute not only to the strength of organized labor but to the willingness of a great corporation to adjust itself to changed conditions and abide by the law. The C. I. O. won a three-to-one victory, sweeping Flint, Detroit, Pontiac, Bay City, Saginaw, Lansing, and St. Louis. The A. F. of L. won both plants in Kansas City, home town of Homer Martin, two plants in Norwood, Ohio, and one in Meriden, Ohio. The Mechanics' Educational Society of America, an independent union with an honorable record, defeated the C. I. O. in the Detroit Diesel-engine division. In only one plant, the Harrison plant at Buffalo, did the workers vote for no union at all. The C. I. O. suffered a serious defeat, however, in another collective-bargaining election—among employees of the Consolidated Edison Company of New York. There an older "independent" union merged with an A. F. of L. union to oppose the C. I. O. and won a large majority.

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THE PRESIDENT HAS BEAT A STRATEGIC retreat on relief by requesting, in a letter addressed to Speaker Bankhead, that he be allowed to spend the $975,000,000 budgeted for work relief during the first eight months of the fiscal year. Should this be done, the WPA could be maintained during the coming year at about 2,000,000, or practically at the same level that has prevailed this year. Opponents of the Administration charge the President with asking for less than he knows will be needed in order to minimize the "spending" issue in the elections. But the President is on firm ground when he insists that no one can foretell the trend of business conditions in the coming year accurately enough to make a satisfactory estimate of relief needs. It is fairly safe to assume that the needs will not be any less than they were during the present year, and there is real danger, as Ralph Hetzel, the C. I. O. unemployment director, and David Lasser have pointed out, that they will be much greater. To insist that the relief appropriation be spread over even an eight-month period is to take the risk of causing unnecessary human suffering.

GEORGE SCALISE, HEAD OF THE BUILDING Service Employees' Union, has been arrested on charges of having extorted more than $100,000—the figure is said to be "about $1,000,000"—from companies that contract to do the cleaning work in New York offices. The arrest was ordered by District Attorney Dewey. There is nothing in Scalise's past, his associations in Chicago, or his conspicuous wealth to warrant the fear that an innocent labor leader is being persecuted. Scalise was never elected to his post, and in general his career would seem to warrant the remark of the assistant district attorney in charge of the inquiry which has now resulted in the arrest, that "the union is to Scalise what a jimmy is to a burglar." Racketeers who have managed to get control of labor unions must be cleaned out as ruthlessly as those who operate in other fields. Certainly the last to defend such men should be the head of the American Federation of Labor, William Green. Yet it was he who sponsored a request to the President for a pardon for Scalise, to wipe off the record a conviction and the penitentiary term he served on a charge of white slavery in 1913. It is not the first time Green has supported a labor racketeer under fire—and thereby supplied ammunition, at the expense of the great body of organized labor, to such labor-baiters as Westbrook Pegler.

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THE INDICTMENTS ON WHICH BEN GOLD and ten other officers of the International Fur Workers' Union have been convicted of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act were returned in 1933—Gold and Irving Potash have been sentenced to one year in prison. Their offenses are alleged to have been committed between 1931 and 1933, when the defendants were in control of the old Needle Trades' Industrial Union. Presumably the acts cited in the complaints have not continued, or the government might have obtained fresher indictments. Why did the Administration leave these indictments lying unused so long, and why were they suddenly revived last September and the defendants rushed to trial? The prosecution was ordered from Washington, and a special assistant to the Attorney General was placed in charge. Appeal of the fur workers' case will provide a clear test of the applicability of the anti-trust laws to trade unions. The issue is blurred by no charges of racketeering or of collusion with employers. That the government seems to have been swayed by other motives than protection of commerce from restraint is indicated by the prosecutor's remark to the court, "Mr. Gold and other defendants are well-known Communists who represent things we do not want in the American labor movement." Thurman Arnold, in court at the time, exclaimed, "He should not have said that." Were Gold and Potash tried and sentenced under the Sherman Act—or the Nazi-Soviet pact?

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Gift to Goebbels

REVELATIONS of the extent of Nazi intrigue in Norway prior to its invasion have started spy hunts in many neutral capitals. This country, we may be sure, is not free of German secret agents, but we see no reason for a scare on that account. On the other hand, we may be insufficiently on guard against attempts by Goebbels to use New York and Washington as relay stations in his propaganda network.

In this connection a recent incident is worth examining. On Saturday, April 13, the Berlin press broke out in banner headlines asking, on the strength of a report attributed to the "London correspondent" of the Washington *Star,* whether British invasion of Holland was imminent. Simultaneously the German Foreign Office issued a warning to neutrals apparently based on the same article. "The old aim of the Western powers," it declared, "thereby appears openly in all its brutal inconsiderateness. . . . More than ever neutrals must realize this and determine their attitude from the viewpoint that—as experience has shown—the Western powers are determined to thrust aside their neutrality at the moment when their political or military aims make this appear to be necessary." Taken in conjunction with reports of new German concentrations on the Dutch border, this Berlin press barrage suggested that an alibi was being prepared for new aggression, with the unwitting aid of a Washington newspaper.

On investigation it turned out that the story quoted was not the work of the *Star's* London correspondent but that of Constantine Brown, who contributes a regular column to the paper on international affairs. On Friday, April 12, Mr. Brown quoted a report that a British fleet carrying 50,000 to 80,000 was at sea and suggested that, while Norway might be their destination, a landing in Holland appeared more likely. Next day his column was again devoted to this expeditionary force, about which no official information had been published in Europe. He again mentioned the possibility that it was headed for Holland and went on to give detailed information about its composition. According to reliable informants, he said, it was commanded by a French general and consisted of 60,000 French, 25,000 Poles, and a Canadian division. Note how these "facts" dovetail with the familiar Nazi thesis that "Britain will fight to the last Frenchman."

It would be interesting to know the identity of Mr. Brown's "reliable informants." It is hardly possible to believe that "news" of this kind could be picked up at either the French or the British embassy. But the suspicion that it might be traceable to the German embassy is strengthened by consideration of the extraordinary speed with which Mr. Brown's articles found their way to Berlin. According to a statement in the *Star,* presumably based on full inquiry, not only the Friday column but the Saturday one also was quoted in the German press on Saturday, and a cable in the New York *Times* makes it clear that Berlin's morning newspapers featured the story. Now the *Star* appears in Washington about noon, which is 6 p. m. Berlin time. How, then, could Mr. Brown's Saturday story be quoted in Berlin's morning newspapers of the same day?

If the Washington *Star* has been the victim of a "plant," we can be sure it was an innocent victim, for it is a newspaper which is as stoutly anti-Nazi as any in this country. In an editorial comment on the incident it accuses the German propaganda machine of distorting what was clearly a speculative discussion into a statement of fact. Obviously Mr. Brown's articles were twisted in Berlin, but we would suggest that, in these times, speculations backed up with such circumstantial detail require even closer scrutiny than usual at the copy-desk. As for Mr. Brown, we are willing to believe that his articles were written in good faith, but we think he owes the public some explanation of his gift to Goebbels.

More Check Than Balance

THE Logan-Walter bill, which has just passed the House, might be termed a bill to hamstring government and encourage litigation. Some of the hollowest bromides of constitutional law have been advanced in support of it. It is supposed to spring from a belief in "checks and balances," but it is more check than balance. It is supposed to rest on the principle of "separation of powers," but it would further concentrate legislative and executive powers in the courts. It is supposed to be a practical application of the idea that ours was intended to be a government of laws not of men. But if passed by the Senate it will give us not a government of laws but a government of lawyers. And a government of lawyers means government by those who can best afford to hire them. "The law's delay" was an old complaint in the mouth of Hamlet, and it operates today as in the past to the benefit of the rich defendant and to the disadvantage of the poor plaintiff. The Logan-Walter bill is a bill to make the law's delay longer.

The Logan-Walter bill is the greatest labor-saving device yet hit upon by the enemies of the New Deal. If it passes, they can sit back and wait for the Roosevelt reform agencies to be buried under a landslide of litigation. There will be little need for the Smith amendments to the Wagner Act, and there will be little point in the campaign to amend the laws administered by the SEC. If the Logan-Walter bill passes, the Girdlers and the Hopsons can chase both agencies in and out of the courts to exhaustion. No rule or regulation, no matter how

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unimportant, could be made by an administrative body without a public hearing if it became law. Any rule or regulation would be at once subject to review in the courts in a suit for a declaratory judgment, and even though it were upheld in the courts the same question could be raised again in other types of suits against the administrative agency. Intra-agency boards of review would be set up in each administrative body, and to those boards any decision, action, or failure to act by an officer or employee of that agency could be appealed; and then appealed from the intra-agency board to the courts. "How far-reaching the bill is in this respect," says the report filed against it by a joint committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, "is shown by the fact that the framers found it necessary specifically to except from its provisions cases in which the aggrieved party was denied a loan or failed to receive employment."

It is hardly necessary to deal at length with the legal and constitutional nonsense adduced in favor of the bill. Administrative bodies are arms of Congress, delegates of the legislature. The rules and regulations they make implement the laws they administer. This is a legislative function, but the bill brings it under the courts. The provision for declaratory judgments on rules and regulations is of doubtful constitutionality. The Supreme Court has in the past refused to give declaratory judgments and held itself to the task of passing on the constitutionality of laws only as an incident to the decision of an actual case before it. Due process of law does not require interminable review at every step of the administrative process. Justice is served if the end result and the procedure are subject to final scrutiny in the courts.

The Nation does not believe that the procedures of our various administrative bodies are beyond improvement, but it can see nothing but sabotage on a grand scale in this bill. Behind it are the same forces that are working to end the usefulness of the Wagner Act, and from their loose charges about the "un-American" and "despotic" conduct of the Labor Board we appeal to the words of the Wagner Act's most influential supporter. "The act," he said, "establishes standards to which the board must conform. There must be complaint, notice, and hearing. The board must receive evidence and make findings. The findings as to the facts are to be conclusive, but only if supported by evidence. The order of the board is subject to review by the designated court, and only when sustained by the court may the order be enforced. Upon that review all questions of the jurisdiction of the board and the regularity of its proceedings, all questions of constitutional right or statutory authority are open to examination by the court. We construe the procedural revisions as affording adequate opportunity to secure judicial protection against arbitrary action." The words are those of Chief Justice Hughes.

The Fifth Column

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

MILLIONS of people who have no idea where the words "fifth column" came from now know what they mean. Members of the fifth column are traitors, and there is nothing new about the breed. Throughout the ages there have always been men waiting, as they waited in Madrid, to open the gates to the enemy.

Norway has denied that the virtually unopposed entrance of the German forces at Oslo and elsewhere was the work of Norwegian Nazi sympathizers. German agents were at work, and it is natural that Norway should prefer to hold them exclusively responsible for the trickery that stilled the guns in the dawn hours of April 9. But the circumstantial story told by Leland Stowe and confirmed by other neutral observers is not to be discredited by a mere denial. And the existence of a fifth column is no disgrace to a democratic nation; it is only a deadly danger. Norway did not and could not comb the pro-Nazis out of its population without interfering with the liberties of all its citizens. It permitted "legal" Nazi activities and trusted in the loyalty and sober sense of its vast democratic majority. In normal circumstances this course would have been not only the liberal but the wise one; a democracy is possible only if it has the uncoerced support of the majority. When do circumstances cease to be normal? At what moment does it become necessary to limit the freedom of everyone in order to suppress the danger lurking in a disloyal handful? Norway missed the moment. It behaved like a decent democracy until after the Nazi troops had marched through the streets of Oslo, like soldiers parading on the Fourth of July; the peaceful crowds watching, police guarding the way.

The lesson of Norway is being studied in every other non-belligerent nation—by those close to the center of struggle and those, like the United States, which still can watch the war with some sense of detachment. The precautionary measures being taken are in direct proportion to the nearness of danger. The Swedish government, as Maurice Feldman says on another page, is rounding up some of the known pro-Nazis in the country. It is searching every German ship in its harbors. For the first time since 1648 Holland has proclaimed a state of siege throughout its empire. Restrictions are not yet heavy, but under martial law the government can go as far as circumstances demand. The Netherlands National Socialist Party numbers about 50,000 members, but its importance as a fifth column would be far greater than its normal political strength. As in all countries, Nazi intrigue has penetrated the army—especially the higher ranks—and the government has recently dismissed several known pro-Nazi officers, including the Commander-in-Chief, General F. H. Reynders.

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Belgium is taking similar steps to immobilize its own considerable army of potential traitors. Switzerland has adopted even stronger measures. The Swiss government and high command have issued a joint proclamation warning the people to ignore any orders against mobilization or defense in case of attack. If the country should be invaded, the news will be broadcast by every means of communication. The announcement itself will constitute a general order of mobilization. Any counter orders, the people have been told, are to be disregarded.

In Southeastern Europe the danger from German minorities and native Nazi sympathizers is multiplied by hordes of visitors which have lately been flowing over the borders. The Dalmatian coast is overrun with husky Teutonic tourists, cameras in hand—like the vacationing Nazis who filled Danzig and the Corridor last summer. Reports from Rumania indicate that from ten to forty thousand have come in in the past few weeks. Measures are being taken against this pre-invasion, but fear inhibits vigorous action. For the present, watchfulness is the chief precaution. Rumania has announced that no foreigners will be allowed to move from town to town without special permission. Yugoslavia is establishing concentration camps for the accommodation of suspicious strangers. Milan Stoyadinovich, the pro-German ex-Premier, has been put under protective arrest, and the homes of many Germans have been raided. Other countries are taking similar steps; small steps for the present. In Rumania the situation is clouded by the sudden release of hundreds of the Iron Guard from prison and the return of others from exile; and by the conclusion of a new agreement with Germany to fulfil previous contracts for deliveries of oil and wheat in return for arms and airplanes.

Italy presents a different problem. As Germany's "non-belligerent" ally, the chief obstruction to the government's policy is the anti-German sentiment of the country. Mussolini's "fifth column" is the mass of the Italian people. But the government seems to have decided that Italy's hour has also struck; and it is meeting internal resistance by a barrage of propaganda designed to prove that the Allies face certain defeat. Every rumored German success in Norway or at sea is featured; British and French help is ridiculed. Reynaud's bid for Italian friendship last Saturday was ignored.

Nazi methods of penetration work. That is the lesson we have learned again from the invasion of Norway. They work not only in countries with huge German minorities or in semi-fascist countries, but in countries with an unmixed population and sturdy traditions of democracy and liberty. The lesson will be a hard one for Americans to take in. Some of us will dismiss it as remote and irrelevant. Others—more, perhaps—will wish to apply it in the form of ruthless and indiscriminate repression. To ignore the activities of Hitler in the United States would be fatuous. We have a fifth column; its members echo the Hitler slogan and imitate Nazi behavior, and they find support and backing in "respectable" reactionary circles. These groups should be watched and their illegal acts restrained. We should understand what they mean when they denounce the "imperialist" and "plutocratic" enemies of Hitler.

But it would be as foolish to turn on a campaign of repression as to ignore the existence of pro-Nazi activities. The moment for drastic repression has not arrived, and the task of liberals in America is difficult but clear. They must fight to preserve the democratic safeguards contained in the Bill of Rights, while applying to Nazis and their supporters the equally democratic methods of exposure, counter-propaganda, and justified legal attack. And they must learn to distinguish between agents of Hitler and honest citizens, even when the latter behave and sound uncomfortably like the former. Otherwise the Nazi invasion of Norway is likely to end in a victory for Martin Dies in America.

CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 525
EDITORIALS:
GIFT TO GOEBBELS 528
MORE CHECK THAN BALANCE 528
THE FIFTH COLUMN by Freda Kirchwey 529
SWEDEN'S TROJAN HORSE by Maurice Feldman 531
MEN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT
V. BURTON K. WHEELER by Robert Bendiner 532
OIL AND THE GOOD NEIGHBOR by Bertram D. Wolfe 537
AUTOMOBILE DEALERS CAN'T WIN by Ruth Brindze 539
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS by Keith Hutchison 540
IN THE WIND 541
ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 542
BOOKS AND THE ARTS:
DON STURZO'S LIBERAL CATHOLICISM by G. A. Borgese 543
TALE OF RELIEF by Louis B. Salomon 545
MEN OF CRIME by Edward Levinson 546
BETWEEN TWO WORLDS by Donald Minot Young 546
QUICK AND EASY by Karl Menninger 547
"WILL RAPTLY MAGNIPOTENT" by Maxwell Geismar 548
CRISTOBAL COLON by James Orrick 548
ART: DOVE AND THE INDEPENDENTS by Paul Rosenfeld 549
DRAMA by Joseph Wood Krutch 549
MUSIC by B. H. Haggin 550

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Sweden's Trojan Horse

BY MAURICE FELDMAN

FOR all their philosophy of violence, the Nazis are rapidly making war less a matter of arms than of cunning. Through propaganda and amazing organization they have developed to perfection the strategy of the Trojan horse. In Austria they had a comparatively easy task, since about 25 per cent of the population was on their side. Chancellor Schuschnigg's Foreign Minister, Dr. Guido Schmidt, saw to it that copies of all official documents and letters reached Berlin, ordered Schuschnigg's private secretary, Dr. Frölichstal, to instal a dictaphone in his chief's office so the Gestapo could hear all his conversations, and arranged to put an S. S. man in charge of Schuschnigg's bodyguard. In Czechoslovakia the Henleins and the Hachas were used as tools, and ministers and officials were freely bought. In Hungary and Rumania there were, and still are, influential groups financially dependent on the Third Reich. And as the world now knows, even in countries under Social Democratic regimes the Nazis have built up highly efficient organizations for propaganda, espionage, and treason.

The lightning invasion of Norway is the most dramatic example of Hitler technique we have had thus far. The Norwegian Nazis apparently amounted to nothing in the country's political life. Yet when the critical moment arrived, Norwegians in the highest positions in the country's military and civic life deserted to the enemy. Commanders at important points, officers on the General Staff, prominent industrialists and merchants, the rector of Oslo University, and high church officials supported the puppet government of the leader of the Norwegian Nazis, Vidkun Quisling. It had been known in Norway for many years that Quisling was on the Nazi pay roll, that as head of a "propaganda bureau" he was in close contact with Berlin, and that on several occasions he had talked with Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo.

Will Sweden soon find itself in the same situation as Norway? There too the Nazis have seemingly been of no political importance. In the most recent city election in Stockholm they received something like 3,000 votes, and they have failed to capture a single seat in either chamber of the Swedish Riksdag. But they have created an extensive propaganda apparatus and have huge sums of money at their disposal. Holding influential positions in the government, in education, in journalism, everywhere, are avowed Nazis and persons who have close connections with Nazi circles in Berlin. Sweden belongs to Göring's "department." The Number 2 Nazi spent several years in Sweden after the unsuccessful Munich putsch of 1923 and married a Swedish noblewoman, Countess Karin von Rosen. He speaks Swedish fluently and has many friends in the "better circles" of the country. The leader of the Swedish Nazi Party, an active army sergeant named Lindholm, openly considers himself a personal representative of Göring. The sergeant is fond of likening his own career to that of Hitler and tries to imitate him in every way. He publishes several Nazi periodicals and holds numerous mass-meetings. When asked by persons in the audience what he would do if the Germans invaded Sweden, he generally replies: "That is a question I do not care to answer."

Besides the official Nazi Party Sweden has an organization called Svensk-Tyska Riksfoereningen (Swedish-German National Association) which is supposed to be a non-political society but is in fact a center for Nazi propaganda in Sweden. Many of its leaders and officials are men well known in Swedish public life, such as the brothers de Champs, one of whom is a general, the other an admiral, both in active service. Dr. Sven Hedin, the explorer, and several members of the influential von Rosen family are leading lights in the association, which draws members from Sweden's wealthy merchants, army officers, and newspaper publishers. In the Foreign Ministry, the courts, and the university faculties, as well as in the police and armed forces, are ardent and powerful pro-Nazis. Sven Hedin's case is ironic. Though he is one of the most active propagandists for the Nazis, he is one-fourth Jewish, and if he were a German in the Reich he would have been thrown into a concentration camp long ago or driven from the country. Yet he is one of Hitler's best friends and is always invited by the Führer to attend the annual party congress. At a Nazi meeting in Stockholm in 1938 at which Hedin presided, Hitler's "trouble-shooter," Franz von Papen, was the principal speaker. "When I come back to Sweden in ten years," said von Papen, "I hope to walk on German ground." No one in the audience seemed to object to this sentiment.

I visited Dr. Hedin several times in his house in Stockholm and had lengthy discussions with him. He told me that Hitler had often said to him that England, France, and the United States must be smashed as world powers and that Germany would rule the world before 1948. For Sweden there could be only one course: to go along with Germany. If it did this, then Hitler would leave the country alone and permit it to govern itself internally. Dr. Hedin said he regarded Hitler as the greatest genius he had ever met. I asked him if he thought that the Nazi dictatorship was in Germany to stay. "Yes," he answered without hesitation. "It is the most natural form of gov-

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ernment for Germany because the German people need *Herrenmenschen* to lead them. I agree with Hitler that the common people should not interest themselves in politics; they should follow their leaders." Dr. Hedin added that he disagreed with the Nazis on their policy toward the Jews. He believes Germany will solve the Jewish question in a "friendly way" after it attains its "place in the sun."

On Birger Jarls Street in Stockholm is an official German propaganda bureau. But unofficial German activities are more important. The German colony in Stockholm has secret S. A. units. It also owns, in Kummelnaes, near the Waxholm fortress—which controls the entrance to Stockholm from the Baltic Sea—a camp which is allegedly used as a "children's home." There *are* a lot of children there in the summer time, but many Swedes wonder why it should be necessary to have an "athletic instructor" for almost every child. As press-relations man the German ambassador in Stockholm has the indefatigable Dr. Grassmann, who supplies material to Sweden's leading newspapers. If an article proposed by Grassmann is refused, the newspaper can expect immediate cancelation of all advertising by German-owned firms and their Swedish branch offices. The *Deutsche Handelskammer* (German Chamber of Commerce) in Stockholm long ago prepared lists of non-Aryan firms in Sweden.

The Swedish government has in recent months begun to take more energetic measures against spies and potential traitors. Laws passed during the Russo-Finnish war under which thousands of Communists were arrested are now being invoked against Sweden's Nazis. Large areas of the country have been closed to foreigners, foreign ships are being carefully searched, an indeterminate number of known Nazis have been rounded up, and a ban has been placed on the sale or distribution of maps without special permission. If the government's action is less drastic than that taken against the Communists, the reason is simple, though paradoxical: the Communists have no influence in Sweden, but the Nazis are strong—and dangerous.

Men Who Would Be President

V. BURTON K. WHEELER

BY ROBERT BENDINER

MOTORISTS driving through Montana in the fall of 1920 found the roads lined with posters depicting a huge bloody hand. Those who slowed down enough to read the legend beneath the gory emblem may have been reassured to learn that the state was not in the grip of some nameless terror; that the road signs were merely a device of the Republican Party and Anaconda Copper to warn the good citizens of Montana against voting for that pro-German, Wobbly, anarchistic Bolshevik Burton K. Wheeler, Democratic candidate for governor. The Harding tidal wave enveloped Wheeler as it swallowed up all Democrats in 1920, but he polled 17,000 more votes than Cox, the Presidential head of his ticket, and displayed a political virtuosity that twenty years have heightened and refined.

Burton K. Wheeler has what it takes to make a good gambler: the shrewdness to gauge chances and the nerve to take them. Bold enough to be a flaming liberal in the early twenties, when only "Bolsheviks" were liberal, he was daring enough to lead the anti-Roosevelt forces in the middle thirties, when only "economic royalists" were anti-Roosevelt. In both cases he staked his political fortunes on a hunch that public opinion was about to shift. His hunch in the twenties, despite his initial defeat, was to gain him a star role in the Senate for seventeen years; his hunch in the thirties may win him or lose him the Presidency of the United States.

Little about Burton Kendall Wheeler reminds one of his New England origin; nothing more, in fact, than a hint of Massachusetts in his enunciation. The language itself and the Wheeler history are those of the West in which he has spent nearly forty of his fifty-eight years. Born in the village of Hudson, the tenth son of a desperately poor Quaker shoemaker, Wheeler managed during his school days to amass $750 with which to study law at the University of Michigan. Shortly before he was to leave for Ann Arbor he lost $500 of his fortune in a bank crash and had to go on working throughout his college days. In 1905, fresh from law school, he moved on to Colorado, partly for his health, and set out to find himself a practice. "Neither at Telluride, at Ouray, or Montrose—in fact, nowhere on the western slope," he says, "did they seem to recognize my legal talents, so I went my way to Montana."

Montana looked scarcely more promising. Offered nothing better than a bill-collector's job at $50 a month in Butte, the young attorney faced west again, determined for no good reason to try his luck in Spokane. But four poker sharps in search of a sucker decided his fate other-

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wise. Inveigled into a session of stud, the wandering lawyer lost every cent he had and missed his train as well. The latter misfortune hardly mattered, however, since his ticket was included in the last pot. In his penniless state even the $50-a-month job looked good. He settled down and in time opened a cubby-hole of his own.

Most of young Wheeler's practice consisted of personal-injury suits brought by miners against the copper companies. To stem a growing dissatisfaction, the copper barons in 1910 staged one of their periodic fake "reform" campaigns, in which the usual procedure was to single out an ardent champion of the miners, turn his head with the promise of office and the sudden wealth, comparatively speaking, of a legislator's salary, and then mold him into a tractable servant of the companies. It usually worked, and Wheeler must have looked like a natural. He wasn't. He rebelled almost immediately against orders to oppose the election of Thomas J. Walsh for United States Senator. Walsh lost, but two years later he tried again and won. A notable by-product of his victory was the appointment of Burton K. Wheeler as federal district attorney.

No respecter of precedents, Wheeler proceeded to set the state of Montana by the ears. His term as federal attorney was marked by a spate of prosecutions for all the kinds of corruption that flourish in a frontier society dominated by powerful absentee industrialists. It was a period of germination for the causes and antipathies that were to govern his future political life. He started out by smashing the practice of using decoys to catch saloonkeepers in the act of selling fire-water to Indians and ended up by fighting against the manner in which the war-time espionage laws were being applied. He repeatedly refused to indict Wobblies as such and spoke out boldly against the persecution of German-Americans. He made no secret of his opposition to American entry into the war and was rash enough to advocate, in a mining state, government ownership of natural resources and the railroads. Small wonder that his bid for the governorship in 1920 was greeted with the show of bloody hands.

One of the chief Republican talking points in that campaign was that if Wheeler were elected, the mines would close. Wheeler lost, but a year later the mines closed anyway. So when he ran for the Senate in 1922 the Republicans were hard put to it for an issue. The pendulum had begun to swing away from the fierce militarism of the early post-war days, and the best the local G. O. P. could offer was the suspicion that Wheeler wanted to introduce free love into Montana. It wasn't nearly enough, and he went to the Senate by an overwhelming majority.

Wheeler brought to the Senate a brash pugnacity which he was quick to put on display. On his first day the young man from Montana had to be told not to smoke on the floor of the Senate; two days later he was overriding party whips to precipitate a first-class row over a committee assignment. In less than a week he had established himself as a scrapper and the despair of his advisers; within three months he was spokesman for a group of "New Democrats," corresponding roughly to the La Follette group among the Republicans. By the end of his first session he had dug deep into the noisome doings of the Ohio Gang and had greased the chute for its ultimate retirement from public life.

Mr. Smith Going to Washington could not have asked for a more perfect target than the looting apparatus that was the Harding Administration. The "Little Green House on K Street," where Attorney General Daugherty and his chief henchman, Jess Smith, directed fleecing operations amounting to millions, was history's gift to Burton K. Wheeler. His demand for an investigation was a speech that Paul Y. Anderson described as "an attack so savage that even the Senate flinched." Senator Willis of Ohio pleaded that the Attorney General was "as clean as a hound's tooth," but Wheeler carried the day. He was made prosecutor for a Congressional committee of investigation.

Wheeler did his work well. Before the first echo of his challenge hit the public ear Jess Smith was dead—ostensibly a suicide though some think that he was murdered; before the last echo faded away four principals of the Ohio Gang, as well as Secretary of the Interior Fall, had found their way to federal penitentiaries, and the easygoing President of the United States had died in an odor that could hardly be called one of sanctity.

Before Daugherty finally abandoned the Little Green House on K Street he managed to make himself something of a nuisance to Wheeler. Since there seemed no other way of stopping the Montana Menace, Daugherty combed the Wheeler record for something that would discredit him. Secret Service men under the command of W. J. Burns went to work on the case; at one time twenty-nine of them were on the scene in Montana. The net result of their prowling was a charge that Wheeler had accepted a fee for using his influence as a Senator to obtain oil concessions from the Interior Department for a friend and client. Wheeler had in fact acted in behalf of a client named Campbell, who was an oil promoter, but had limited his activity, he said, to representing the man in a suit brought in the state courts of Montana. He was promptly cleared by the Senate, but the department obtained an indictment against him in Montana in April, 1924, just in time to embarrass him in his campaign as La Follette's running mate on a third-party ticket. The case came to trial the following April, and the jury took two ballots—one to go out to lunch and one, after thirteen minutes' deliberation, to acquit Wheeler.

From the point of view of traditional American liberalism Wheeler goes to the 1940 convention with a

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cleaner political record than any Presidential candidate has been able to show since the La Follette campaign of 1924. Anti-militarist to the core, he has opposed every major arms appropriation on principle. The National Labor Relations Act and the wage-hour law had his active support. Almost single-handed he pushed through the Public Utilities Holding Company Act with its "death sentence" intact, though several staunch New Deal wheel horses had yielded to pressure and even the President wavered. He has always been an exponent of the tax-the-rich school, and fought repeatedly for the highest possible relief appropriations. He warmly supported the Wagner Act, Social Security, SEC, and TVA, and went along on the AAA despite his anti-trust objections to price-fixing. Aside from his voting record and his magnificent job on the Ohio Gang, his chief claim to Senatorial distinction is the monumental work he has done as chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce in unraveling the intricate railroad tangle.

Burton K. Wheeler

At first blush the Wheeler record would seem to establish him as the logical man to carry on the New Deal. Senator George W. Norris, leader of the third-term movement, looks upon Wheeler as Roosevelt's only plausible alternative. Yet a great gulf separates him from the New Dealers, and it will be bridged only if the Roosevelt lieutenants conclude that they have no other choice. In part the issue is personal, in part ideological.

Wheeler was the first important liberal to push Franklin D. Roosevelt toward the White House. He spotted the New York Governor as his man as early as 1929 and worked hard to line up the Northwest for him. Through Norris he won over the powerful Huey Long, who at Wheeler's request paid Roosevelt a pre-convention visit in 1932 and later reported to Wheeler: "I don't like your —— but I'll be for him." Six years later Wheeler was to reflect bitterly: "I'm the last man on earth Jim Farley and Roosevelt would let have the nomination."

Interpretations differ as to what happened between 1932 and 1938 that wrought such a change in the relations between Burton K. Wheeler and Franklin D. Roosevelt. The commonly held version is that Wheeler was disgruntled at the deal through which Garner was given second place on the ticket; some say he wanted the post himself. In any event the edge was off his enthusiasm, and it took some coaxing to get him to rally to the campaign. The next shock came when he was left out of the Cabinet. He could hardly complain when the Attorney Generalship went to his old mentor, Tom Walsh, but Walsh died before the inauguration, and when Roosevelt's second choice was Homer Cummings, Wheeler's cup was full. Cummings was a close friend of J. Bruce Kremer, former national committeeman for Montana and long one of Wheeler's bitterest political foes. In any event Wheeler grew progressively disgruntled, and by 1936 he was prepared to support Roosevelt only in preference to Landon and with an enthusiasm that ranged from the lukewarm to the chilly.

Whatever the personal factor involved, there is enough genuine difference between Wheeler's liberalism and the New Deal to warrant a breach on objective grounds. There are two great areas of conflict: concentration of power in the government and foreign affairs. Wheeler is fully prepared for a substantial degree of government regulation, but he is alarmed at the world-wide trend toward centralized political control, and it is noteworthy that practically every brush he has had with the Administration has been over an issue involving federal encroachments that he considered dangerous. He opposed the NRA as government-sponsored price-fixing, fought the Administration on its reorganization bill, voted to end the President's devaluation powers, and was with Borah in every attempt to block a federal anti-lynching law. The issue reached a climax in the fight over the President's plan to perform a blood transfusion on the Supreme Court—a fight that marked a turning-point in Wheeler's career.

The most skilled hand would find it hard to disentangle the motives that led Burton K. Wheeler not merely to oppose the Roosevelt court-reform plan but to command the forces of opposition. Never a believer in judicial impeccability, he was well aware of the social passions that throbbed beneath the black robes. He believed thoroughly that the Supreme Court's measuring rod of constitutionality was a slide-rule, and he knew, too, that the current court was rapidly choking the breath out of the New Deal, most of which he himself believed vital to the country's welfare. Yet long before the rip tide of opposition had set in, Wheeler waded out and attacked with a savagery he had hitherto reserved for the Daughertys and the Falls. On the death of Senator Robinson, Democratic majority leader, which Wheeler attributed to the strain brought on by the battle over the court, he became almost hysterical. "I beseech the President to drop this court fight," he exclaimed, "lest he appear to fight against God." I believe that Wheeler was genuinely moved by what he conceived to be the dangerous casuistry and unconstitutionality of the President's plan. At the same time there were apparent in his slavishness to theoretical purity signs of personal rancor—and some-

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thing of a holy satisfaction in being able at last to pitch into the Administration for the kind of deviousness he had long suspected but never openly encountered. To satisfy his own frequently expressed conviction that "judicial oligarchy" was a bad thing for the country he offered a constitutional amendment whereby Congress, following a general election, could by a two-thirds' vote override a Supreme Court decision. But as many who had no love for the Roosevelt plan pointed out, it might take ten or fifteen years to get an amendment ratified by three-fourths of the states, assuming Congress could agree on one. In the meantime, what would become of the New Deal—and of the country? To which Wheeler replied, "The trail of true progressivism is long, but it is right."

Whether or not Wheeler wanted to command the anti-court-plan forces, the leadership was forced upon him. The enemies of That Man would not overlook the opportunity of having a crusade against him led by a sworn progressive. As a result Wheeler soon found himself in a weird position. The copper moguls who had detested him for a quarter of a century flooded his office with sticky congratulations. Editorials appeared in the most primitive Republican papers lauding him as the "man who saved the country." He even received letters commiserating with him on the publication of a newspaper picture of his daughter snapped in the act of passing out C. I. O. leaflets to government employees. And acquaintances asked him what they were expected to say when Wall Street men who had always called him a Bolshevik remarked, "What a wonderful fellow, your Senator Wheeler!" Conversely, the tributes of Anaconda and the blessings of the Liberty League sat poorly on the chests of Wheeler's working friends back home. From Dillon came the bitter complaint: "We find you in bed with Hoover, Mills, Mellon, Morgan, and others right down to the little tories who tried to mob you years ago." Wheeler had indeed been mobbed in Dillon back in the 1920 campaign, but the reference was infelicitous; it enabled Wheeler to remind his critics: "When I was driven out of your town, you did not have backbone or nerve enough to stand up and protest." As for his new admirers, Wheeler says he is "realistic" and confidently predicts they will run for cover before he is through.

Wheeler's leadership in the court battle and his almost rabid isolationism combined to draw on him a withering fire from the left, which the current bear hugs of John L. Lewis and a shift to isolation in certain leftist quarters have only now begun to damp down. Most vocal in the left opposition has been former Representative Jerry O'Connell, whom Wheeler helped to beat for reelection in 1938. O'Connell's *Montana Liberal* keeps up a hysterical drumfire of personal attacks on the Senator's integrity which are chiefly a rehash of accusations first served up by the puppets of Mr. Daugherty back in 1924. O'Connell is on better ground when he charges Wheeler with responsibility for the election of Representative Jacob Thorkelson, most of whose Washington career has been spent in pumping up anti-Semitic bilge for insertion in the *Congressional Record*. Wheeler was indirectly responsible for Thorkelson's victory through his campaign against O'Connell, but he finds Thorkelson an acute embarrassment today and will certainly try to shake him off in November.

Much of the ammunition used by O'Connell and other left-wing foes of Wheeler consists of the assertion that he has "sold out to Anaconda." No evidence has ever been offered in support. His voting record down to date, particularly on labor, has not been calculated to give copper-mine owners or any other vested interests the least comfort. Wheeler critics—even the *New Republic*—point to his opposition to the Hull reciprocal-trade program as a sign that he is wearing the Anaconda livery. The reverse is true. Anaconda has heavy stakes in Chilean copper. A reciprocal-trade treaty means that Anaconda can bring its Chilean copper to New York for less than it can market the top of its Montana mines. On the other hand, Montana miners have a sliding wage scale and see no advantage at all in a declining price for their product. Much of this "sell-out" talk has died down since the fiery court-fight days, and if Wheeler recently has not been the butt of the Anaconda press, the most likely explanation is that his enemy wisely, and traditionally, adopted the policy, "If you can't lick him, join him."

Some of the bad blood between Wheeler and Roosevelt has subsided, and Wheeler is doing his best to effect a reconciliation. Two years ago he was telling audiences that he wouldn't support his own brother for a third term. Now he says he will support Roosevelt again if he seeks a third term, but he hopes—and believes—the President won't. Not only does he oppose a third term on principle, but he believes it would be politically unwise on Roosevelt's part, and has told him so. The trend is to the right, he argues, and even if Roosevelt were elected, the country would plague him with a still more conservative Congress than the Seventy-sixth. For that reason he doesn't think the strategy would be worth the sacrifice of principle involved. Nevertheless, if that is the way things work out, he will go along "rather than weaken the liberal group in the party"—a consideration that did not disturb his fight for the principle of an "independent judiciary."

Concerning his own chances Wheeler is a bit coy. "If they handed me the nomination on a silver platter and a certificate of election with it," he says—"I'd be pretty worried." If Roosevelt abandons the field, it may well be that the fifty-eight-year-old Montanan with the shambling gait, the frank tongue, and the eternal cigar, will have something to "worry" about. To be sure he committed the cardinal sin of party irregularity in 1924, and

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he comes from a state that has only four electoral votes, but in the internecine war in the Democratic Party Wheeler is the only big figure with friends in both camps. His conduct in the court fight and his veiled antipathy toward a third term have made him the favorite of large sections of anti-Roosevelt Democrats without costing him the support which a lifetime of pro-labor activity has won for him from the trade unions. The violent courtship of John L. Lewis has made Green a bit sour, but Wheeler is experienced enough not to throw himself into the Lewis embrace, particularly since he is more than a little suspicious that the C. I. O. chieftain is using him merely as a reminder to the Roosevelt forces that there are other places to go. The Railway Brotherhoods are Wheeler's for the asking. As for Montana's puny electoral vote, Wheeler men will tell you that Montana shares Wheeler with the whole region of the Mountain States, which means 30 votes, and that he can count on entering the convention with no fewer than 125 pledged delegates. His stand against the reciprocal-trade treaties and his long fight for a parity-price act coupled with farm-debt adjustment make him a better bet in the farm belt than Cordell Hull.

Wheeler's bitterness in the court fight, the loose charges that he has sold out to Anaconda, the row with O'Connell, and the responsibility for Thorkelson have all served to surround him with a fog of doubt and vague mistrust as far as liberals are concerned. But his voting record, his speeches, and his remarks in the course of a recent talk I had with him convince me that neither Hull nor McNutt nor any other candidate with half a chance would carry on as much of the New Deal. "The social reforms that have been inaugurated by this Administration," he told the National Association of Manufacturers, "have my hearty approval." Social security, TVA, wage-hour legislation, SEC, and government relief for the unemployed would all be safe under Wheeler. Civil liberties would probably be guarded with a zeal never before seen in this country. All Wheeler's experience has developed in him a detestation of secret police. He has been hostile to the FBI ever since the Daugherty days and is even now engaged in an investigation of wire-tapping by that agency.

Wheeler was widely reported as having told the Congress of American Industry that he favored a balanced budget, but he went on to remark that "periods of national emergency, such as we have been experiencing, put the possibility of a balanced budget beyond the power of either a liberal or a conservative administration." And privately he affirms with even more conviction that as long as we have ten million unemployed the government must continue its spending policy.

His thoughts on unemployment have more conviction than clarity. He believes that people who want to work and are given no opportunity are "entitled to government relief," but they have "a greater right—a divine right—the right to a job." And "either private industry must employ them or the government will." When I asked him what he would do in the face of this most crushing of all problems, he admitted that he was at a loss. "I owe my people more than demagogy," he said, "I can't go to them with a panacea." If elected President, he would call outstanding business and labor leaders into an immediate conference. He would say, particularly to business: "You have been knocking everything the New Deal tried to do. What do you want? What do you think can be done?"

Where Wheeler breaks most sharply with the Roosevelt Administration—and the breach is probably enough to lose him any hope of Administration support—is in the realm of foreign policy. He is profoundly against American participation in the war under any circumstances short of an invasion of this country and against any steps that might lead to such participation. Would he have the United States take any part in the peace? He doesn't think we would have a place at the peace table without having engaged in the war, but he would be willing to have us take part in an international conference for economic reconstruction after the war. In fact, he would like to see Franklin D. Roosevelt go as an American representative, along with a Republican or two, to prevent a repetition of Wilson's sad experience. He is too antagonistic toward the Nazis to consider himself neutral in thought; anti-British though he admittedly is, he would like to see the Allies win. But he would not like to see them subjugate Germany. Along with his passionate isolationism goes a dangerous naivete concerning foreign affairs. He spoke to me of the possibilities of Britain's accepting a Göring peace, and intimated that such an eventuality would not be entirely distasteful to him.

Burton K. Wheeler is not a Great Statesman, nor does he think of himself as one. He is a politician with principles. If he lacks the sense of history of a Roosevelt or a Wilson, he is likewise free of their willingness to be devious in the present for the sake of future gains. He is extremely sensitive to public opinion, and rather than attempt to mold it and give it direction he is for sounding it out and conciliating it at every turn. If a National Labor Relations Act is good medicine but hard to get down, the patient should be cajoled and given small doses, he believes, until he is used to it and ready for stronger treatment. Wheeler would slow the tempo of the New Deal, a policy which might mean a breathing spell for the patient but which, that tempo being what it is, might mean rigor mortis for the doctor. The risk is great, but when it comes to political gambling few players have a surer hand or a cooler head than Burton Kendall Wheeler.

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Oil and the Good Neighbor

BY BERTRAM D. WOLFE

APRIL 8 to 15 was Pan-American Week. With due solemnity the President issued a proclamation countersigned by the Secretary of State calling upon churches, schools, and the people generally to observe "with appropriate ceremonies" the occasion on which the "twenty-one American republics commemorate their peace, friendship, and solidarity." Then, with an ineptness that has not before been shown by the State Department under the present Administration, Cordell Hull chose this same week to release his note to Mexico on oil and land claims. Inevitably, Mexico celebrated Pan-American Week with great popular demonstrations of protest. And the other Latin American countries looked on with mounting disquiet.

The best that can be said for the timing of the Hull note is that the Secretary's mind and that of the President were on other matters. The most charitable interpretation would make of it a pre-convention maneuver intended to short-circuit Republican-Garner criticism of Roosevelt and Hull for alleged passivity in the face of Mexican expropriations. Other aspects of the timing do not lend themselves to such charitable explanation. The suspicion will not down that the note was intended to stiffen the united front of the Anglo-American oil companies and forestall a compromise agreement between Sinclair and the Mexican government. All through March these difficult negotiations were progressing satisfactorily, and it was rumored that a draft agreement had been reached.

It is unfortunate that the note came at a time to influence not one but two Presidential elections. Mexico's electoral campaign is long past the convention stage, in fact, is nearing its culmination. The voting takes place in July, and may be followed—as has so often happened—by an uprising of the opposition. Fortunately, such an uprising seems less likely than usual—unless one, or both, of the opponents of the Administration's chosen candidate is led to think that he can count on oil-company subsidies, gun-running from Texas, and other forms of extra-official encouragement. The oil question has figured as a campaign issue, both the opposition candidates having criticized the Cárdenas administration for alienating foreign capital. The Hull note will inevitably be construed in some quarters as an attempt to influence the election and an encouragement to the preparation of an uprising this summer.

In justice to Roosevelt and Hull it should be said that worse notes have been sent to Mexico. But the senders were less emphatic about their good neighborliness. And the document was after all stiff enough to be headlined in the New York *Times* as a "warning." The nub of the note lies in a doctrine which is enunciated at least four times in its pages. It challenges the "right," the "legality," and the morals of expropriation without "adequate, effective, and prompt compensation." Even a promise to pay in the future is rejected as "not expropriation but confiscation."

History, less severe than Mr. Hull, "recognizes" two distinct kinds of expropriation. One is the kind Mr. Hull is prepared to recognize: a normal action of a government engaged in exercising its right of eminent domain, perhaps to build a bridge or enlarge a harbor. It does not involve any social upheaval or any challenge to the legality or morality of the title to the property "condemned" or purchased. But there is also another form of expropriation, in which a government or people calls in question the legality of the title and its mode of acquisition. Examples of the latter type in our own history are the expropriation of the Crown lands and Tory estates after the American Revolution, the liberation of the slaves during the Civil War—both without compensation—and the repudiation of the loans contracted by the Southern states during the rebellion. This repudiation was made by retroactive, constitutional amendment, as in Mexico, and although many of the bondholders were Englishmen we would not hear of compensation or arbitration or foreign intervention.

An example even closer to the Mexican case is our nullification, without compensation, of the Teapot Dome oil concessions, an act which affected some of the same companies that are complainants against Mexico. The nullification was not by revolution but by simple court action. What a howl we would have set up if some foreign government had attempted to intervene on behalf of a foreign stockholder or company! Yet in law and in ethics the action of the government in the Teapot Dome case paralleled the present contentions of the Mexican government. The bulk of the Mexican oil concessions were secured from the self-perpetuating Díaz dictatorship in ways which violated the fundamental law and public interest of Mexico. Díaz and his actions were later repudiated by the Mexican people by revolution and by retroactive constitutional provision. Thus the Hull note is tantamount to a refusal to recognize the Mexican Revolution. To add insult to injury, the note specifically refuses to recognize the right of the Mexican courts to decide the

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matter. If Mexico accepted the note's central contention, the country would, in fact if not in form, return to the colonial-feudal status of the Díaz period.

During the course of years of badgering, Mexico, ever conscious of the great power of its neighbor, has let drop its claimed right to undo Díaz's acts without compensation. It professes a willingness to pay, but not at such a rate as would bankrupt its weak economy and force it to grind the life out of its own people. In these years of crisis and debt repudiation we have sent no such hectoring notes to the non-paying European governments. The suspicion is inescapable that our readiness to lecture Mexico in this fashion springs from a consciousness of its nearness and our overwhelming military superiority.

But how, the Mexicans ask, can they pay whatever their courts may determine unless they can sell the oil and break the silent, powerful blockade of the oil companies upon their petroleum export? How can they pay considerable sums while their finances are in crisis, in part as a result of the deliberate raids upon their banking system engineered by the oil companies?

The Mexican peso—whose nominal par is two to the dollar—is selling now at six to the dollar. In this connection also the timing of the Hull note becomes significant, since it followed closely on a recommendation of a Senate subcommittee that silver purchases from Mexico should be discontinued. In that event a further drop in the peso might be expected. (The whole system of silver purchases at inflated prices is silly, but no more so than the silver policy pursued within this country, or the purchase of gold from the South African and Canadian mines at inflated prices.) Moreover, 70 per cent of Mexican mining is done by American companies—with Mexico deriving benefit only from the payment of wages and taxes and the support given to the peso. If we cut off that support to force an oil "settlement," we may find that American-owned silver mines will close down, that the Mexican government will intervene to keep them open by expropriation, and that there will be still more mouths clamoring at the State Department.

The Mexicans distinguish, and rightly, between foreign capital invested in Mexican factories to produce consumers' goods for sale in Mexico, and capital invested in the extraction of Mexico's natural subsoil wealth for sale in the foreign market. The former, the Mexicans contend, has some interest in raising the standard of living of the Mexican masses and thus expanding the domestic market for consumers' goods. But the capital invested in oil and mineral extraction has no such interest—quite the contrary. Since it extracts virtually the whole product for sale abroad, it has a natural affinity for corrupt officials easily suborned to give generous oil and mining concessions and for dictatorial regimes that permit a maximal exploitation of cheap native labor. It is significant that the break with the oil companies came not so much over the amount of wages to be paid as over the amount to be spent on schools, recreation centers, sanitation, potable water, housing, vacations, and social services for employees.

Automatically, such notes as Hull's tend to revive the latent hostility that long divided the Americas into two unequal and unfriendly camps. We may be ready to forget our past history, but our southern neighbors cannot forget so easily. They welcome our recent better manners but insist that it takes more than fair phrases to make good neighbors or convince them that our economic penetration is not to be feared and that the big stick will never again be flourished in the Caribbean. Mexico is the outpost of Central and South America; all of Latin America is watching our treatment of it to see what our good-neighbor speeches mean when translated into action. By pressing the dubious claims of oil, land, mining, power, and railroad corporations, by encouraging them to refuse to come to an agreement with the Mexican government, by demanding that a Mexico in crisis devote all its meager resources to immediate payment of those claims, we are steering toward a new head-on collision with Mexico.

Woodrow Wilson followed a curiously similar trajectory, getting himself involved with Mexico over oil while Europe was at war. He came in the end to regret it. If the present Administration nourishes the idea that intervention in a European war is again a possibility, it is hard to believe that the State Department will deliberately press things to an open break. But one step is apt to lead to another, and error, too, has its own logic. We are dealing with a proud and sensitive nation that is being pressed dangerously close to the wall and is keenly conscious of its material weakness and past grievances. And we are acting in behalf of Anglo-American oil companies that are among the world's most arrogant aggregations of capital. Under such circumstances an open break could come easily.

The Hull note was a serious error, but not an irretrievable one. It preserved enough of the diplomatic amenities to leave a way out other than that of open conflict. Mexico's answer, it is safe to forecast, will be polite, dignified, but in essence unyielding, since to yield would mean bankruptcy and fresh turmoil.

A policy of generosity and neighborliness toward Mexico now would help that unhappy country to solve some of its basic problems. It would even be in harmony with the interests of the oil companies, which may thereby some day receive compensation in the form of a royalty percentage on oil sales. It would raise the domestic market and level of common life in Mexico, to the ultimate advantage of the American consumer-goods industries. In a time of spreading conflict, it would help to create a genuine, tolerant neighborliness which would enrich life throughout the Americas.

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Automobile Dealers Can't Win

BY RUTH BRINDZE

THE General Motors Corporation has struck pay dirt again with its campaign advertising the new G. M. price tags. These tags are supposed to give the consumer a break; all charges over the factory price are itemized and the dealer cannot pack the bill. The bad boy whose business manners are now being publicly corrected is the dealer.

Compared to other short ends that the dealers regularly draw from the manufacturers, this one is not so bad. For sometimes dealers *have* padded the bills, though often enough this has been with sufficient active assistance from the manufacturer to make him an accessory before the fact. At a meeting of manufacturers' executives a few years ago, M. R. Grant of General Motors said: "I deliberately put more handling charge in because I had dealers going broke, and the easiest way to slip them $25 was in the pack."

The "handling charges" were paid by the public; the manufacturer was able to maintain his advertised FOB factory price. In most industries when retailers cannot earn a profit by selling at the price established by the manufacturer, either the retail price is increased or the wholesale cost is lowered. But the automobile business has a different set of rules. That automobile dealers consider the sale of a new automobile a "loss leader," that their profits come from the sale of accessories—white-walled tires, double horns, electric clocks—is one of the more obvious insanities in a crazy economic set-up.

Except in a few instances—when the manufacturer operates a sales unit or bids for government or fleet business—automobiles are sold by "authorized" dealers operating under a franchise from the manufacturer. The system was developed when automobiles were new and the factories were glad to find someone who would undertake to sell their cars. Fundamentally there is nothing wrong with it, but the pressure of belt-line production has turned it into a fantastic caricature of free enterprise. Today the "independent" dealer is actually an exploited salesman who frequently receives no pay for his services. The profits and losses of a sample group of large dealers are analyzed in the recent report of the Federal Trade Commission on the motor-vehicle industry. Even in this preferred group 19 per cent lost money in the relatively prosperous year of 1936. A more comprehensive survey made by the National Automobile Dealers' Association shows that in a ten-year period 64 per cent of the dealers went under.

Dealers are in business to sell automobiles, and 85 per cent of their total business consists of car sales. But this business is done at a loss. The average reported net profit of $19.09 per new car was made on the sale of accessories and from servicing. The manufacturers have not, however, depended on the profit motive to get accessories sold. J. H. Ernst, New York district representative of the Oldsmobile Division of General Motors stated to the Federal Trade Commission that it was Oldsmobile's policy to ship all cars with extra equipment—radios, defrosters, cigar lighters, and the like. Other manufacturers have the same practice. The dealer is told to buy, or else. His business hangs on his franchise. He takes his orders.

These are as broad as the business. They define the accounting system which must be used, the amount of capital which must be invested, the location and size of the show room and display signs, the sum which must be contributed by the dealer for advertising, and the number of cars he must buy, particularly during the "clean-up" period when the manufacturer is about to bring out a new model and wants to get rid of last year's cars. Much of this control is legalized by the provisions in the manufacturer-dealer contract. When the bounds are overstepped, as for example when dealers are forced to take left-over cars, the pressure is carefully hidden. "We have been threatened a number of times," a Ford dealer reported to the FTC, "but of course we have no definite records of these incidents since the factories are very careful about matters of this kind being put in the form of writing. Telephone and representatives' personal contacts were the methods used."

Before the 1940 models were delivered, dealers were still being called upon to "cooperate" so that the factories could unload. These surplus cars must be paid for by the dealers at the regular list price; there is no mark-down because the model is already outmoded. The buying public, however, expects, and generally gets, a discount on cars bought at the end of the season. The dealer, not the factory, takes the loss. Often it is such sales that put the dealer in the red for the year.

When the finished cars run off the production line, the dealer must have cash in hand to pay for them. If he has no cash, he gets it by borrowing on his own credit. This method of financing is a hold-over from the old days when the manufacturers were hard up for cash. The big companies brought it up to date by organizing subsidiaries to finance the dealers' buying on the instalment plan. And since this financing business was not very profitable, they obliged the dealer who wanted to enjoy its benefits to use the same companies to handle the instalment buying of his customers. The terms of the com-

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panies' specious "6 per cent" plans were frequently higher than the public could obtain from other sources, and this flouting of free competition was so obvious that the government finally proceeded against it. Ford and Chrysler signed a consent decree permitting customers to use financing companies of their own choosing. General Motors unsuccessfully fought the order in the courts.

None of this, however, touches the major financial problem. The manufacturer collects from the dealer on delivery of a new car. But for almost every new car that the dealer sells, he has to take a used car as a trade-in. Even with a conservative policy on allowances, the dealer's working capital is frozen in the cars standing in the used-car lot. And each year this financial freeze-up is becoming worse.

In an attempt to level off the unemployment peaks in the automobile factories President Roosevelt suggested that the date of the automobile show be moved forward, from January to the autumn. This speeded up new-car sales in the winter months and kept the factories running. But the market for used cars is frozen from the autumn until the spring. Moving forward the date of the automobile show has lengthened the period during which the dealers must carry their used-car stock.

If dealers are to stay in business, they must both finance the sale of used cars and sell their quota of new ones. Therefore they must spend money for advertising to increase new-car sales. In 1940 the manufacturers' and dealers' joint advertising fund for Dodge passenger cars amounted to $9 for each car. A $6 charge was automatically added to the dealer's bill, and the manufacturer contributed $3. In 1938 Pontiac dealers were paying $7.50 into a joint fund for each "six" that they ordered and $10 for each "eight."

Men and companies of conservative tendencies are not wanted in the automobile business. Reports from factory representatives in the cancelation file of the Ford Company show the importance to the dealer of being "volume-minded." One of its business analysts decided that the dealer could afford to take a "$50 loss on six to ten additional new cars each month." Apparently the dealer refused to cooperate, for his franchise was canceled. Another Ford agency had its license canceled because it was "ultra-conservative in its sales operations . . . and has frankly and repeatedly told us that it does not intend to be a volume dealer."

The dealer not only has to make his quota, but he has to sell the particular models which the manufacturer tells him to. For example, a Pontiac dealer reported to the FTC that he was "made to take Pontiac eights in order to get Pontiac sixes which were already sold"; a Buick dealer wrote that "the only pressure we have is that we must sell a certain amount of the highest-priced series cars, when we have no market, in order to get the lower-priced series, which are selling fast."

Dealers have attempted to organize and to fight back, but the manufacturers are in a position to discourage such tactics. On the part of the Ford Company this discouragement, according to the Federal Trade Commission, "took the form of threats of cancelation of their dealer agreements." More recently the manufacturers seem to have decided not to interfere with dealer organizations. In fact, last summer the executive committee of the National Automobile Dealers' Association sat in conference with Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., the first time N. A. D. A.'s representatives had discussed factory-dealer relations with a factory executive.

But it will take more than a chat with the big boss to make the dealers independent—and to keep them out of bankruptcy.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

German Aggression and American Business

WITH each expansion in the area of German aggression the territory open to American trade becomes more circumscribed. Hitler's incursion into Scandinavia has placed an impassable barrier between us and an important group of customers, and may prove to have destroyed the credit of a group of nations distinguished by strict observance of bond contracts. If the Allies succeed in driving the Nazis out of Norway, the Scandinavian market may be partially recovered. But if the Germans consolidate their hold and ultimately win the war, America can kiss both trade and investments goodby, for in that event the small northern states are undoubtedly destined to become *Lebensraum*. However, such an outcome to the war would, in any case, shatter our accustomed methods of foreign trade and leave us no choice but to adapt our system to autarchy and barter.

The Scandinavian countries have long been both excellent customers for American farm and industrial products and important sources of raw materials. With their high standard of living, they have been among the most profitable foreign outlets for automobiles and petroleum products. They have kept their tariffs comparatively low and largely refrained from distorting their economies in vain attempts to become self-sufficient. Thus Norway, whose soil, for the most part, is unsuited to cereal production, was wise enough to buy grain from countries where it could be raised cheaply and concentrate on dairy farming and forestry. Denmark specialized in high-grade foods—meat, butter, eggs—for which cheap imported fodder provided the raw materials. Thus it was a good customer for American corn and oilcake. Other leading exports from this country to the three Scandinavian states included machinery, copper, cotton, tobacco, and fruit.

The outbreak of war last September proved a strong stimulus to American trade with Scandinavia, and for the

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six months ending February, 1940, our exports to the three states plus Finland were in the aggregate 81 per cent greater than in the corresponding period a year earlier. This increase was partly due to the effects of the war in cutting off competitive sources. Another factor was the desire of the northern states, which in the last war had suffered heavily from the progressive tightening of the Allied blockade, to establish reserves of essential foods and raw materials. In addition, there is reason to believe that some goods ordered by and shipped to Scandinavian firms were actually transshipped to Germany. Recent revelations of the way in which the Nazis had penetrated the Norwegian administration suggest that Allied efforts to control such traffic may have been circumvented to a greater extent than had previously been supposed.

Among American imports from Scandinavia wood pulp and newsprint easily take first place. Norway, Sweden, and Finland provided about 14 per cent of our wood-pulp consumption in 1939 and roughly 10 per cent of newsprint consumption. But if these sources of supply are to be blocked for the duration of the war, the effect on American industry will be even greater than the figures imply. For Britain, which next to the United States is the world's greatest consumer of paper and paper-making materials, has hitherto obtained a very substantial part of its supplies of both from the northern states. Immediately after the German invasion of Norway, British newspapers, already severely rationed, were ordered to make a further drastic cut in size. Britain and other countries all over the world which have been accustomed to buy Scandinavian paper and pulp will now have to turn to Canada and the United States. This is a pleasing prospect for North American paper manufacturers, whose shares have been booming for the past ten days. The demand will probably stretch their capacity to the limit for the first time in years. But publishers and the other innumerable consumers of paper face the possibility of a sharp rise in prices. It is only just to add that the International Paper Company, the largest American producer, has announced that it will maintain newsprint prices at $50 a ton, the quotation in effect ever since the beginning of 1938, until October 1. Prices of other types of paper, however, are likely to be lifted in the near future.

American investments in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have been estimated at about $225,000,000. Of this total, some $66,000,000 is accounted for by direct investments, such as the large Ford assembly plant in Copenhagen, while the balance is represented by state and city bonds and to a small extent by holdings in Scandinavian companies. The obligations of these countries were among the few foreign bonds which could be held with confidence, and before the war clouds gathered in Europe, market quotations for such issues as Denmark 4½'s and Norway 4¼'s were seldom worse than par. The invasion of Finland struck them a heavy blow, and Germany's swoop has sent them plunging to default levels. Nor is this surprising, for the most scrupulous debtor cannot pay when his business is closed down and his reserves stolen. So long as the war lasts, the prospects of trade earnings in Scandinavia sufficient to cover bond service are remote indeed. The Nazis are reported already to have carried off all gold found in the Copenhagen and Oslo banks. Fortunately a considerable fraction of their reserves had been transferred for safekeeping to New York, and thanks to the Administration's prompt action in blocking the transfer of all Norwegian and Danish funds in this country, this at least is saved from Hitler's itching palm.

In the Wind

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN recently wrote a book and submitted it to literary agents here. They tried to sell it to all the major publishers in turn, but without success. Each said in effect: "Chamberlain won't sell in America." A national magazine finally purchased the work.

COLUMNIST ED SULLIVAN visited St. Louis recently and described his sojourn there in his daily column. He reported that he had gone to the offices of the St. Louis *Star-Times*—"in which this column has appeared for some years"—and had been entertained by the staff. A few days later he discovered that his St. Louis outlet was the *Post-Dispatch*, competitor of the *Star-Times*.

STORIES ABOUT evacués crowd the London press. The newest is about an elderly spinster who lived in a small country house with a maid. One morning the doorbell rang. The maid admitted a man, heard his errand, then rushed upstairs. "Please, mum," she shouted, "you've got to have two babies, and the man's downstairs."

A FORTNIGHT ago this column reported that the Salem, Oregon, Chamber of Commerce had canceled an address by Richard Neuberger on "Why I Am a Liberal." The story has a sequel. The Salem Realty Board, indignant over the cancelation, invited Neuberger to deliver an address before its members on the same subject. Shortly afterward this invitation was abruptly withdrawn, on the ground that Neuberger's speech didn't pertain to real estate. Now a group of newspapermen are planning to have him deliver the speech.

WHEN OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD spoke at the University of California recently, he quoted from one of Bertrand Russell's books. The audience interrupted him with a vociferous outbreak of applause.

BASEBALL NEWS: "A mill executive volunteered this information to us today: 'We men who run the mills value baseball highly. If we can get our folks interested in ball games, they are less interested in communism and radicalism and strikes. The mills that have the best ball teams have the least labor troubles. There is rarely unrest where there is a good baseball team. Maintenance of a ball team is part of our legitimate expense.' "—Shirley Povich's sports column in the Washington *Post*.

MEMBERS OF THE A. F. of L. Circus, Carnival, Fairs, and Rodeo International Union picketed the circus when it opened in New York. Among those who crossed the first-night picket line was Matthew Woll, third vice-president of the A. F. of L.

[*Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THERE is no worse phase of the German invasion of Denmark and Norway than that it places in jeopardy thousands of refugees from Germany who have sought sanctuary in those peaceful and unoffending countries. Sweden in particular has been most generous in opening its doors to men and women whose sole sin is that by accident of birth they are not 100 per cent Aryan, and to political fugitives as well. The ties between Sweden and Germany have always been close, and during the last war the sympathies of the Swedes were distinctly with the Kaiser. This was in part due to the constant intermarriage of Swedes and Germans. Even during this war the anti-German sentiment in Sweden has not been as strong as in Norway, where fully 95 per cent of the people have been whole-heartedly on the side of the Allies from the day hostilities began.

The German capture of Denmark was so sudden that not many of the refugees there could have escaped before the invasion of the Nazis. The German exiles in Norway are now no doubt tortured by fear of being thrown into prison. The many in Sweden must also be frantic to make their escape. I am thinking, for example, of a German Aryan who refused from the beginning to resign himself to the persecution of the Jews and who was so active in helping them to get out of the country that finally he was himself compelled to flee to Sweden. For some time past friends in this country, some of whom owe their safety to him, have been trying to bring him here, but the obstacle of quota regulations has been as yet unsurmountable. One shudders to think what will befall this gallant spirit if he falls into the hands of the Germans.

Before me lies the letter of a most estimable German who is living in Stockholm with his wife and three children because his wife is partly Jewish. Had he been willing to put her away he would be in safety today, for his home was in a part of South Germany where he could have continued to carry on his teaching. When the school was told that it must dismiss him, it protested that no more devoted teacher had ever worked for it: in nearly two decades he had helped to mold well the lives of many fine young men, and no more loyal German could be found anywhere. That helped not at all. Even his children with their perhaps one-quarter Jewish blood were ordered out of the school and town because they were "contaminating" the rest of the pupils. He wrote nearly a hundred letters appealing for aid to people who because of old ties of relationship or friendship should have helped. The only responses came from Sweden and the United States. The Germans were too prejudiced or too afraid to help any creature so terrible as a woman with Jewish blood. Efforts to bring them over here failed because of bureaucratic delays; then Sweden stirred and granted temporary permits to enter. It seemed the opening of the doors of heaven to these poor, innocent, hunted creatures. True, they entered on only temporary visas, but the father found the opportunity to teach a little, and friendly human beings whose souls had not been warped by the teachings of the Nazis did everything possible to aid these shipwrecked persons to begin life anew.

What will happen to such as these? Can we Americans not do something to rescue them and by doing so give real aid to the countries now harboring them? I know well the difficulties, especially since some of them are Jews. Yet it does seem to me that if the situation were laid before Congress by the right people, something could be done. Congress could, if it wished, limit the duration of their stay here to two years after the end of the war, or could set up a board to pass upon their fitness then for future residence. If we took them in now we should free the embattled Scandinavians of the necessity of supporting and feeding the refugees when the feeding of their own people is soon going to be a very serious matter. Of course it would be extremely difficult to get them out—our government is going to be hard put to it to bring back the three thousand Americans now in Scandinavia. But the ports of Sweden are still open, and I am sure that the English government would cooperate. At any rate I wish that that fine citizen, Henry Goddard Leach, and the American-Scandinavian Foundation, with which he has so long been associated, might explore this field and see if something could not be done. Merely to attempt it would be a useful gesture.

Since I am sometimes accused of not praising Franklin Roosevelt enough I take this opportunity to thank him for his admirable characterization of this latest German crime. Again and again he has voiced the conscience of America with rare skill and felicity. I know that if his words could be read in Germany they would increase the shame and utter humiliation felt by many of the people. Many who found excuses for the invasion of Austria and Czechoslovakia were outraged when Poland was ravished. The fate of Denmark and Norway will surely increase not a little the opposition to Hitler at home.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

DON STURZO'S LIBERAL CATHOLICISM

BY G. A. BORGESE

IN THE present confusion many are looking for help to the Catholic church. Like a wounded battleship Western civilization seems to be running for harbor. Catholicism in the stages of its origins and of its early maturity had been the result of a wide-embracing syncretism. For centuries it had been the real melting-pot of the most vital elements transmitted from antiquity to the Middle Ages. There seemed to be no reason why this blending process should have been stopped in the modern age. Toward liberalism and science, and even toward socialism and revolution, the church might have taken an attitude as supple and penetrating as the one it had taken toward the pagan philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, toward the communes and the kingdoms. The obstacles that were in the way of such an endeavor, however, were not overcome. Under the leadership most often of the Jesuits the church stiffened its conservative defenses. The Syllabus of Pope Pius IX (1864) and the Dogma of Infallibility (1870) are the starting dates of the age that should be called the Second Counter-Reformation. None of the popes who succeeded Pius IX deflected from the path which he had prescribed.

Yet undercurrents of syncretism remained alive. A liberal Catholicism was in the making during the whole of the nineteenth century, both before and after the Syllabus, although it never was made. A theological liberalism, or modernism, strove toward a symbolical and critical interpretation of the dogmas; a political liberalism aimed at a Catholic democracy. Modernist theology was smashed to smithereens by the encyclical "Pascendi" in 1907. Political reformism survived the catastrophe.

A Sicilian priest, Don Luigi Sturzo, as gallant in character as he was keen in mind, founded in 1919 the Italian Popular Party. Powerfully organized, the Italian Catholics mixed in the events of the day and of the years, in a spirit of strict loyalty to the Vatican in matters of faith and morals and in a spirit of advanced democracy in matters of social justice. The two trends were meant to represent and enact the directions suggested and prescribed by Leo XIII's famous "Rerum Novarum." The years of Don Sturzo's action, however, were numbered, not more than five or six. Harassed by Fascism and deserted by the Vatican, he trod the path of exile and has lived since, most honorably, as a refugee in England. His books bring a very valuable contribution to the history and interpretation of our age. The latest, "Church and State" (Longmans, Green and Company, $5), summarizes most adequately his experience and his belief.

Considered as a specimen of learned historiography "Church and State" deserves unrestricted praise for the diligence with which its author has collected the material from nearly two thousand years of strife and effort in the interrelations of secular and religious organizations. This material is offered to the reader in a form which, although popular and fluent, seldom slides down to glibness. On the whole the structure of the book is unified, and the scholarly quality of the information is not impaired by occasional—indeed, very rare—slips, Yet it would be inappropriate to estimate the book predominantly from the angle of scholarly research and discovery. Its real meaning is in its intention and program, in the manifesto of the final chapters and pages. One paragraph on page 551 contains the gist of the whole treatise.

> . . . In the Middle Ages the papacy intervened by authority with kings and peoples; . . . This was what was known as "direct power." In modern times this power was pared away, disciplined by concordats and rules of jurisdiction; the theologians called it "indirect power." . . . Today this power is still operative, whether direct or indirect. . . . It could now be called "directive power." The form has changed, but the substance is the same. It consists in the . . . efficacy of the Christian citizen who succeeds in bending the power of the state, or else in opposing it in the name of Christian morality . . . conducive to a state with a Christian civilization.

Strangely enough there is not a word about Brüning in the whole book, and what is said about the Catholic Center Party in Germany during the Weimar Republic sounds rather noncommittal. Not strangely at all the judgment which the book brings to bear on the Austrian experiments of a Catholic Social State up to the downfall of Schuschnigg is very critical or even outright hostile. The history of the annihilation of the Popular Party in Italy is partly reticent and veiled. There is greatness of heart in the persistence of Don Sturzo's purpose and will in spite of all catastrophes. Unperturbed he still advocates a structure of society in which the church, while revealing the eternal truth, should become the source of inspiration in temporal life, the "directive power" within and above the state.

What are the practical chances for such an organization of society? And how far is it desirable? A first approach to the problem should be in the appraisal of the success or failure of the Roman church in its experimentation of worldly power. For over a thousand years, from the age of Pepin the Short to the breach of Porta Pia which put an end to the Papal State, the Roman Pontificate had a temporal state to administer. Theoretically it should have become a political model. It did not, however; social and economic standards remained hopelessly low, and it would be stultifying to assume that the divine authority ruling Rome and its provinces had any effect in fostering any particular potential of saintliness or virtue in the mass of its subjects. Don Sturzo himself, for all his pious humility toward the popes, cannot but gloss over the social and political history of the Papal State, admitting hurriedly that it too had its troubles.

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True it is that the power exercised by the popes in the Papal State was not a "directive one"; it was direct. It would be disturbing, however, to assume as a logically respectable hypothesis that what the church was unable to perform directly it would be able to perform indirectly as an inspiration behind the state. The inference would be a disintegrating dissociation of the authority of criticism from the responsibility of action.

A further approach is given by the record of the church's attitudes toward temporal affairs from the end of the Papal State in 1870 to our day. Theoretically its suggestions to the powers of the earth should have been flawlessly Christian. But they were not so, and Don Sturzo himself cannot pass over in silence the behavior, recklessly reactionary and racial, of the French Catholics in the Dreyfus affair; nay, he must admit that "Leo XIII did not think fit to intervene to prevent the Catholics of France from carrying on so disastrous a campaign." The "Rerum Novarum" and "Au milieu des solicitudes," highly praised manifestos of Catholic democracy, had already been published, but it is not easy to state when and where their general tenets became positive action through the will of the Vatican. The Vatican's attitude toward the reactionary movements in the period between the two wars is too well known to require more than a cursory reminder.

When Don Sturzo writes on page 554 about "the exploitation of the church on the part of nationalists and Fascists and their governments," the reader appreciates the piety and humility of his wording, but he cannot forget that there would not have been any such exploitation if the church had not wanted to be exploited by the Fascist and Nazi governments and to exploit them. The connivance of the Catholic church with Italian Fascism is even for Don Sturzo himself too burning an experience to be disposed of with such slippery and inadequately whitewashing expressions as "a subtle duel, wholly Italian, carried on through partial compromises made with reservations" (p. 487). That the church officially and effectively supported the aggressor nation against Ethiopia is a matter of fact hardly counterbalanced by the vague and inconclusive assertion that not all Catholics felt the same way. Even in its relations with Nazism the long enduring leniency of the church is practical and operative while its protests have remained in a theoretical and sentimental field, especially if contrasted with the church's dogged hostility toward Communist Russia, whose fundamental doctrines are by no means more un-Christian than the Nazi and Fascist ideologies. Nor is it very comforting to learn again what we already knew, that a few well-meaning Catholics abstained from supporting Franco or even gave their support to the Loyalist cause. The fact remains that the Catholic church as a whole was behind the powers of the earth which murdered Republican Spain. All that the church has done or tried to do as a "directive power" in the nearly seventy years during which it could have acted from the experimental vacuum of its wholly spiritualized independence has consistently been along the line of absolutism and reaction. In the "symbolic state" and "city *sui generis*" which is the Vatican State as it has lived from 1929 to our days, the pope, Don Sturzo admits on page 489, is "at once sovereign and the one true citizen," a rather discouraging symbol of what the ideal state would be if the papacy could have its own way. From the unbroken straightness of this line the encyclical "Rerum Novarum" with its allegedly progressive ideas in the field of social and economic justice stands out, even supposing the interpretation of its enthusiasts is correct, as an alibi—if not as a stratagem, "Papal documents," states Don Sturzo on page 417, "never speak against liberty in general."

Certainly there seems to be no reason why a pope whom liberal and progressive people might call a good pope, a Maritain or a Don Sturzo, should not ascend some day to the Chair of Saint Peter. Let us ask, paging his book again, what Don Sturzo as a pope would and could do. Among the most impressive passages in his "Church and State" is a quotation on page 421 from Montalembert, which he seems to like warmly. "We," said Montalembert, adopting the motto of the Poles against Catherine II, "love liberty more than anything in the world and *religion more than liberty*" [italics mine]. More striking than Montalembert and the Poles is Don Sturzo himself when he summarizes on page 479 the creed of his Popular Party; "It is liberal (*in the wholesome sense of the word*) [italics mine] because it takes its stand on the civil and political liberties which it upholds as equal for all, without party monopolies and without persecution of *religion*, races, or classes." I have reprinted in italics also the word religion, which obviously ought to be in the plural, *religions*, as are "races, classes." It does not seem, however, that there is any printer's slip. Don Sturzo, in fact, discloses to his reader on page 530 that there is "effectively" "freedom of worship" in Fascist Italy; high praise for Fascist Italy from the gallant anti-Fascist exile, who must certainly know what has happened in Fascist Italy to Protestant institutions and propaganda, and to the harmless people who tried to find a haven for their battered lives in the creed and practice of Quakerism. He also certainly has heard of books, like Martinetti's "Jesus and Christianity," forbidden and seized by the Fascist government, hardly in order to please the liberalism of the church.

There is no freedom of worship in Fascist Italy except for Roman Catholicism, *the* religion. Don Sturzo too, like Montalembert and the Poles, seems to love liberty above anything else, but his religion above liberty, and there is no evidence that, were he the pope, he would be able to act or would like to act on different premises.

The problem is whether there could ever be political liberty without intellectual liberty, social justice—we mean Maritain's or Don Sturzo's, obviously not Father Coughlin's Social Justice—without a dogma of every man's and therefore also the pope's fallibility. A society with justice and freedom cannot be a society of intellectual criticism without a field reserved to authoritarianism or totalitarianism of any kind. "Liberties," says Don Sturzo once, "are coherent, or they cannot exist." But he blinds himself to the implications of this sentence. Devoutly he has subjected his book to the "Nihil obstat" and the "Imprimatur" of his censors. With the same devotion he has omitted in his otherwise excellent bibliography such first sources as Salvemini's essay on The Catholic Church and the Ethiopian War or as Teeling's book on "Pius XI and World Affairs."

If it is true that liberties are coherent or they cannot exist, an advance of the Roman church on the path of social and

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economic progress should carry with it a doctrinal reform starting with the abandonment of the Syllabus and with the admission of modernist theology. The next great book of a Catholic reformer after Don Sturzo's "Church and State" should be addressed to the Curia and to the clergy, not to the laity. It should bid a stop to the Second Counter-Reformation. It should be controversial within the church rather than outside it.

A Tale of Relief

THE TRIUMPH OF WILLIE POND. By Caroline Slade. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

HERE is a novel that is not only an absorbing human story but virtually a handbook of the complex machinery of public relief, which to people with an income is only an unpleasant word but which becomes, to the destitute, a world of interlocking agencies, of petty tyrannies, of officious, ever-snooping welfare workers, of humiliation and undernourishment and cockroaches and smelly cold-water flats with three or four dwellers to a room.

Mrs. Slade, drawing on many years' experience as a social worker, shows relief at its worst and at its best in the Pond family's treatment at the hands of the city agency of the town of Highbridge and at those of the county Board of Child Welfare. Miss Southard, the city's worker, a thin-lipped ex-school teacher with a penchant for exercising power over others, treats each of her "cases" as a problem in the mathematics of keeping so many human beings from starvation with the least possible expense, ignoring through incapacity rather than malice their inevitable deterioration, even the ultimate social deficit resulting from such handling. Under her regime the Ponds, an ordinary, respectable family down in their luck, rapidly lose their physical and moral stamina. Willie, the father, really a tubercular case, wears out his little remaining strength to bring in a few dollars digging ditches for WPA; Sarah, the mother, drained of energy not so much by bearing fourteen children as by hopelessness, lets their vermin-infested rooms grow even filthier as the fifteenth child is on the way; fourteen-year-old Mary takes up prostitution in the hope of assisting the family. When Willie suffers a broken leg, however, the whole picture suddenly changes.

His lung trouble confirmed by the doctors, he is sent to a state hospital to receive excellent care, and his family, because the only wage-earner is incapacitated, is transferred to a county board, which allows them funds for decent living, and to the case-book of young Jean Shonts, who passionately believes that people are human beings even if they have to be supported by the taxpayers. For two years, while Willie recuperates at the sanitarium, the Ponds undergo a general rehabilitation, blossoming out into a healthy and promising group, until the stunning blow falls: Willie is about to be released as cured, the county agency must automatically withdraw its support, and with Willie unable to find a job there is no prospect but a return to the subhuman life of "the Beehive"—that unspeakable tenement from which Miss Shonts had rescued them. Willie's decision to kill himself in order to assure a decent life to his wife and children is no surprise;

HE was one of the young intelligentsia in Russia who took up the cause of the people in the 1900's . . . and became disillusioned when the Revolution failed . . .

HE organized a successful strike among his fellow construction workers on the Grand Trunk Pacific in the Northern Rockies . . . served time as a political prisoner in Russia, Mexico, Spain . . .

HE studied at the Sorbonne . . . at the University of Geneva . . . sold papers on the Bowery . . . panhandled down the Pacific Coast . . . picked fruit in California . . .

Here, in his own words, is revealed the man *behind* the celebrity America knows, who initiated a world-wide movement with a deck of cards—an amazing, many-sided personality gifted with a keen literary and social perception.

INSIDE TIP . . to "Nation" Readers

on what seems destined to be the most unusual biographical work of 1940

"This is the most astoundingly frank and honest confession ever published, probably, with the exception of Boswell's *Journals*. It makes the famed confessions of Rousseau and St. Augustine seem like the reports of adolescents. Culbertson is a versatile genius, talented in many more ways than in playing bridge. Although he often seems like a braggart, his brags (on careful thought) have justifiable bases, and no writer in the world has been more shamelessly humble in setting forth his weaknesses and short-comings. This is truly the story of a man who not only wants to make his peace with God but with men and with himself."

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in his position, being a conscientious, affectionate father, he had no other choice.

Though obviously intended to draw attention to the realities of relief—both the giving and the receiving—Mrs. Slade's book makes the travails of the Ponds a warm and absorbing story, not at all like a case history. It poses many disturbing questions. Should society spend thousands on the support of an unwanted child rather than a few dollars on contraceptives? Is it socially thrifty to cure a man like Willie Pond only to force him back immediately into the very conditions that ruined his health in the first place? Should a relief worker let herself sympathize with her clients, or will only an armor shell of indifference preserve her sanity in a heartbreaking profession? The questions are not answered; perhaps they cannot be, but Mrs. Slade deserves a hearty vote of thanks for having suggested them so poignantly in an intensely moving book. LOUIS B. SALOMON

Men of Crime

GANG RULE IN NEW YORK. By Craig Thompson and Allen Raymond. The Dial Press. $3.50.

NEW YORK's most recent crusade against racketeering, which has already presented the nation with a formidable Presidential candidate, now produces the most authoritative current volume on organized crime in the United States. The recent revelations of the extensive murder-for-pay ring, labeled by headline writers Murder, Inc., would have made a fitting conclusion to this sensational story, but "Gang Rule in New York" has enough raw meat in it without that lurid sequel. Incidentally, the exposure and prosecution of Murder, Inc., by Brooklyn's district attorney, William F. O'Dwyer, raises the question of whether, by some accepted standards, Mr. O'Dwyer would not make a better President than Thomas E. Dewey.

Messrs. Thompson and Raymond, respectively of the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune,* are among the most competent reporters in New York City. As a result, their book is almost completely based on bedrock fact rather than on the imaginative sequences with which other crime reporters have filled missing links in their chronologies of racketeering. Our present authors trace the trials and erasures by which the Italian, Irish, and Jewish gangs in New York settled the allocation of territories—East Side, West Side, Brooklyn, and the Bronx—and of jurisdictions—bootleg liquor, gambling, prostitution, industrial racketeering, and so on.

The full lives and colorful funerals of Gotham's men of crime receive due attention, but the more significant interrelations of crime and local politics are not neglected. The most valuable parts of the volume are those dealing with the political allies, frequently also the servants, of the big-shot racketeers. There are fuller portraits than courtroom rules of evidence permit of Jimmy Hines, Al Marinelli, and a heavy complement of former magistrates and district leaders. Despite the hosannas which sing of Dewey as a savior of civic purity, the realistic authors are not convinced that the clean-up in which Dewey played a part—and not an exclusive one—will stick. Being also seasoned political reporters, they conclude that "gang rule in New York is not dead. Stunned temporarily, it seems to be reviving." They point out that many of the "political allies" of the fallen racketeers are still in politics. The weakness in this otherwise excellent book is the lack of proper emphasis on the part played by the owners of American industry in employing the racketeers and their "political allies," virtually all of whom have been on call as professional organizers of strike-breaking mobs. The encouragement of labor-union corruption by employers who would rather pay a racketeer wage than a living wage might also have come in for more attention. EDWARD LEVINSON

Between Two Worlds

PARIS GAZETTE. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking Press. $3.

LION FEUCHTWANGER has always been a sort of literary amanuensis to the oppressed minorities. In the last ten years we have had "Success," which dealt with the repression of dissenters in the post-war period, "The Oppermanns," pleading the cause of the Jews in Germany just as it came into Hitler's hands, and now "Paris Gazette," a novel about refugees, Jewish and Christian, from the Third Reich.

Mr. Feuchtwanger never attempts anything on a small scale. This is, so far as I know, his longest book, it is even longer than "Success," which was too long, and twice the length of "Power." In its construction it bears comparison with the building of the coral reefs by countless polyp secretions; the edifice stands, a polished, meticulous, and painstaking work of art—not of genius. It does not have the rush, the grand sweep, that sometimes a shorter novel, a short story, or even a pamphlet, written in white heat and in less detail, can convey. Mr. Feuchtwanger's campaign is a siege, not a *Blitzkrieg.*

His best medium has always been the historical novel. This book has two leading motifs, which are two actual events of recent history. The first is the well-known kidnapping of an anti-Nazi journalist; the second, the acquiring of a German refugee newspaper by Hitler agents for the purpose of destroying its influence against the Third Reich. The many lesser motifs—the intrigues of the Nazi functionaries against the refugees and against each other, and the domestic affairs, the plots, plans, hopes, loves, political opinions and cultural values of the Paris refugees themselves—are more or less closely linked to these two happenings. This gives a cohesive quality to the work that the author has not always so happily achieved.

A book of this sort—in which, incidentally, practically all the characters are intellectuals—is bound to be a sort of clearing-house for contemporary political, aesthetic, and other concepts. Theories ranging from ultra-left terrorism to right-wing Nazism, and all stops between, have their adherents in these pages, and if there is a declassed two-penny Villon here, so is there a youthful Gide and a Nazified Beaumarchais. But most of the transplanted Germans have their spiritual roots in the middle-class moral and cultural ideology of the nineteenth century. They feel almost as unassimilable in the modern democracies as in the totalitarian countries. One of them, a composer, says: "The old world isn't dead yet and the new world isn't born yet, and this is a horrible age of

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transition; it's really nothing but a horrible waiting-room." It is a good image.

It was suggested above that Mr. Feuchtwanger's literary crusade does not, so to speak, hit one between the eyes. As an indictment of Hitlerism it is effective by accretion, by the indefatigable piling up of factual material from the press and the underground opposition, by anecdote, comment, song, opinion, speech, and, of course, the story behind each emigrant's exile, voluntary or compulsory. The characters, if they have not been made warm and memorable, have been dissected with clinical dispassion by their creator so far as their mental processes are concerned. Convictions he respects, but no writer is better equipped to track down the true determinants of conviction, which may as easily be prejudice as wisdom. Perhaps his greatest skill, among so many, is this ability to uncover underlying motives and to pull apart the structure of rationalization man builds around his deeds and his thoughts.

DONALD MINOT YOUNG

Quick and Easy

TECHNIQUE OF ANALYTICAL PSYCHOTHERAPY. By Wilhelm Stekel. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. W. W. Norton and Company. $5.

IT HAS become the vogue of late to revise Freud, to streamline psychoanalysis, and to try to make it the equivalent of painless dentistry. If one demurs, one is accused of being a reactionary, of converting science into a religion, and of not being aware of the great social movements that are taking place.

Stekel is a better writer than some of the other revisers of Freud, and has fewer scruples about holding up extracted teeth to show to the startled public. He belongs in that earlier group who fought to make psychoanalysis something quick and easy, who broke away from the conscientious and systematic application of psychoanalytic principles many years ago. The present book was published in German in 1938, but the ideas contained in it have appeared in other publications by this author over a period of twenty years past. To his credit Stekel no longer calls his technique psychoanalysis, but he implies throughout his book that it really is psychoanalysis improved and made safe. Lest any hapless patient fall into the hands of an honest, "orthodox" psychoanalyst, he warns them in the preface that to do so is not only to run the risk of losing a great deal of time and money without any therapeutic result, but may even be the ruination of the individual's mental health—"an analytically inculcated infantilism and an analytically induced brooding-obsession may arise. . . . I have recorded alarming experiences. . . ."

To take Stekel more seriously than he deserves, one can only say that if he had actually contributed to the improvement of psychoanalysis by shortening the time required for psychoanalysis in a way which was convincing in its results, he should and would have presented it before scientific organizations in a position to evaluate his amazing claims. To offer to the public a book in which he threatens with dire consequences those who submit themselves to others than himself, and then to assure these same lay readers that he has devised a method for reducing the time and expense for

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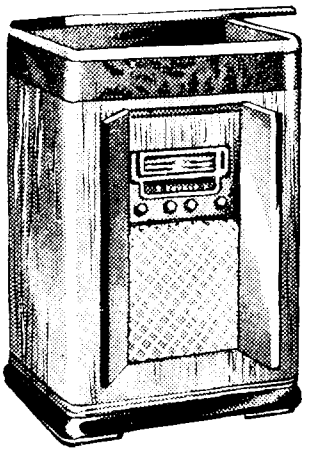

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such treatment by 90 per cent, and to support this with a mixture of shrewd and absurd comments on hundreds of intimate excerpts from lurid case histories of his own patients, will be regarded by some as not very far removed from charlatanry.

It should be added in fairness that if 90 per cent of this book is not only ethically but scientifically unacceptable, 10 per cent is intuitively wise and sound. This 10 per cent is scattered through the text and pops up at the most unexpected places. But to find and identify these spots is not worth the trouble of wading through the other 90 per cent.

KARL MENNINGER

"Will Raptly Magnipotent"

HARDY OF WESSEX. HIS LIFE AND LITERARY CAREER. By Carl J. Weber. Columbia University Press. $3.

"WHEN you're born you're done for," remarked Arnold Bennett, himself an example of the Unfulfilled Intention, and no Victorian felt the truth of this dictum more than Thomas Hardy. Mr. Weber's biography, avoiding both the caustic fancy of "Cakes and Ale" and the unrestrained circumspection of Mrs. Hardy's book, gives us the best recent study of this strange career. As an infant, Hardy was pronounced dead. Frail and small, he nevertheless survived, educated himself in an era where proper schooling was, if unedifying, indispensable, struggled painfully to write. Burdened as he was by the marks of this apprenticeship—a passion for polysyllables, an exaggerated respect for learning, a dubious affection for Shakespearean yokels and coincidence—Hardy steadily gained power as a novelist. With his genuine compassion, moreover, for the Tesses and Judes of this world, he just as steadily increased his attacks on the institutions which bound them down.

It is perhaps consoling to recall that once seduction was as difficult to establish as socialism, and Mr. Weber describes the Victorian distemper with a nice humor. He writes fine accounts of the religious ethics of the time, the domestic manners, the literary gossip, the editors, humanitarians, and ladies who demanded their "touch of sentiment"—a touch that was sometimes more like a knockout. It is indeed chiefly Mr. Weber's treatment of Hardy's marriage that one may question, for we are still left with the same perplexing questions which have become a horrid nightmare for the Hardy biographers. If the first Mrs. Hardy was in some respects an anchor for her husband, the anchor dragged the ship after it. In her wifely encouragement she was far from that noble womankind on whom Eustacia was a libel. "Ethelberta" was disliked by Mrs. Hardy because "there was too much about servants." What could she say about Tess, the unhappy milkmaid? And when Arabella came along as a "substantial female animal," Mrs. Hardy fled to the British Museum. Still, says Mr. Weber, there is "no ground for supposing" that Hardy wished his marriage dissolved. I, for one, can suppose acres. Yet if in this instance Mr. Weber's scholarly caution approaches the point of claustrophobia, he does elsewhere portray excellently the trials of Hardy—and his vitality.

For there is a curious sort of grandeur running through this saga of a low-class guy, bitten by a culture bug, frightening a nation, and being whipped down. The sickly infant lived to the age of eighty-seven, and this same dogged persistence illuminates all of Hardy's actions. Suffering with internal hemorrhages he finished "The Laodicean." When his public howled at his frankness, Hardy deleted, and put more into his next novel, and when at last, after "Jude," he gave up the fight, it was merely to transform this energy into his poetry. Whether by sheer effort he made himself a poet or not is still a question, but he was planning a new book for his eighty-eighth birthday. And the second Mrs. Hardy, whom he married at seventy-four, was in some ways so like his first wife that one almost suspects that here too Hardy was attempting to revise his earlier draft. Haunted by his heredity, harassed by his society, without the friendship, love, or children he wanted, Hardy may have believed, like his Clym, that life "was a thing to be put up with." Yet did he have to put up with quite so much of it? That blind, and to Hardy hostile, force of life which he hailed—in one of his inimitable bursts of rhetoric attracting us almost by their deformities—as the "all-urging Will raptly magnipotent" was surely subdued by this man who felt himself so defenseless before it.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Cristóbal Colón

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Being the Life of the Very Magnificent Lord Don Cristóbal Colón. By Salvador de Madariaga. The Macmillan Company. $4.

"WHEN was he born? Where was he born? What was his name? Where did he study? Where had he traveled? What did he know? What was his plan?" As Mr. de Madariaga says, "over four hundred years of time and over four hundred volumes of research" have not removed the grounds for disagreement on these fairly elementary questions about "this mysterious man whose single spirit changed the course of history . . . doubled the size of man's physical world, widened his mental horizon beyond the wildest expectations of the age."

It is certain that the right name to call the discoverer is Cristóbal Colón. It is also certain, or nearly so, that he was the same person as one Cristoforo Colombo, born in or near Genoa. The ripe scholar, scientific historian, and experienced diplomat Don Salvador de Madariaga is not one to make downright, exclusive statements on controversial subjects. Nor is his solution entirely new. But he has marshaled the weight of circumstantial evidence with such a commanding combination of logic and imaginative insight—not to mention the powers of persuasion of which he is an acknowledged master—that he may be said to have "proved," unless positive evidence to the contrary is produced, that Colón was a Genoese of Spanish-Jewish origin.

The scholarship, though minute, is neither heavy nor dry. (It is odd, by the way, to meet "Alexandre de Humboldt" and have him quoted in French.) The man Colón is very much alive, and the story is told with literary ability. The maps, including the end papers, are really enlightening.

JAMES ORRICK

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ART

Dove and the Independents

WYNDHAM LEWIS, that herald of the decline and fall of abstract art: would he consider abstract the new paintings composing the current Arthur Dove show? So one wonders, standing at An American Place among these somberly harmonious oils and brightly, freshly painted water colors. References to the natural world, what might be termed subject matter, quite elude the eye in its first glance at most of them. Sheer visual music appears prevailingly to meet it: capriciously moving patterns, of weird shapes and low tones —grays, buffs, rust-reds, emerald-greens, with a material density—which address the eye as ideally and as earnestly as do fugues and other absolute musical forms the ear. And one decides: if Mr. Lewis concluded that these inventions and caprices veritably are abstractions, would he not thus confess that after a brilliant career as the representative of that rarity, the Englishman who takes art seriously, he had lately and temporarily turned into the least bit of a Wyndhambag?

For the reason that the exhibition is the antithesis of the effete; superb and the perfect justification of those who long have been pointing to Dove's position among the major American artists. The paintings' forms are unusually complete this year; the sequences of shapes and colors unusually sustained. Passages of exquisite exploitation of the medium abound—passages in which pure pigment has been given a subtle and mysterious life and direction of its own by the brush stroke; for example, the section of interfused whites and browns in the canvas cryptically named U. S. There are rich tactile values, richly organized, as in Willows. For a first time, too, the tiny water colors are on a level equal to that of the larger oils. But in the end one judges that Mr. Lewis might well consider Dove's a watered abstractionism. As one surveys the patterns, references to the natural world emerge galore. We perceive the striped umbrella and the dunes in Beach; the dawn's early light in Morning; the shapes of waves and hills in What Harbor; those of clouds, bolts, and detonations in Thunderstorm. The truth of the matter is that these pictures give an appearance of deliberate abstraction only for the reason that Dove, in observing his beloved nature and seeing, as he says, "from one point in space to another," has found these points "drawn as any line around a thing to give the colored stuff of it, to weave the whole into a sequence of formations rather than to form an arrangement of facts."

Personally I have long felt the abstract and the representative equally acceptable, equally rooted in human experience. This opinion was fortified by the perusal of a page, in a book by the anthropologist Le Bon, describing the culture of two close-lying islands in the South Pacific. The level of culture in the islands appears to have been one; and in the first of them art was entirely abstract; in the second, entirely representative. The anthropologist merely forgot to state whether the religion in the former resembled Protestantism or Mohammedanism or Judaism, which discourage the use of graven images, and in the latter, Catholicism or Hinduism, which encourage it. As for Dove, it would seem, since classifications are unavoidable, that he had best be called a symbolist painter. His color and form possess an aura, an infinite, warm suggestivity: by its means he has imparted the implications of his whole-hearted, immediate, complex awareness of the soil and the comic, battered, and secret "souls" of those homely American spots he has profoundly made his own.

Quite conceivably, abstractionism may be in a decline, if only because of the word being passed about everywhere that it is dead. At this moment, one of those jury-free exhibitions to which everyone not undergoing a novel sends his paintings might be most revelatory of the patient's health. It might demonstrate the degree to which artists are favoring abstractionism or its opposite. Such an exhibition unfortunately the Independents' is not. True, this society, which was founded by Walter Pach, has been presided over by John Sloan for twenty-three years, and now is holding its twenty-fourth annual field-day at the American Fine Arts Association, has neither jury nor prizes and is entirely democratic. Only, some years ago its coterie of abstractionists seceded and with some foreign help proceeded to hold exhibitions of its own. A few abstractions figure in the current show: one of them, Bird-Beast, the bright little bronze by Marie W. Christopher, charms among the sculptural exhibits. But it is plain that the abstractionists represented constitute a mere rump. Thus we shall have to observe later exhibitions for this particular information, and gratefully accept from the Independents that which they best are qualified to give.

This, as always, is an awareness of still unrecognized talent. For its sake the exhibitions are visited by the gallery people. This year as always the talent is not readily discerned, since again a dusty haystack formed of innumerable instances of the amateur approach hides the needle of skill. At length one encounters it. One of its examples is the double portrait Krueger and Rabin by Hans Weingaertner. In the hard objectivist style, it none the less is built up architecturally and even rhythmically, and has a psychographic interest. Outstanding too is Below 14th Street by Lester J. Ambrose—because of the pattern made of geometric units and the tension created by the opposing inclinations of the buff areas in his canvas's upper and extreme lower reaches. The two pastorals by Caroline Sehlmeyer are touching in their quiet feeling, precious style, and delicate detail. There are other attractive paintings, among them The Source by Byron Brown, with its pungent color and elegant lady. Whether any of these objects are as original as the exhibits by better-known contributors—for example, the two fauve canvases by Milton Avery and the seal-like, not quite savory Gossip by Hugo Robus —is of course a question. Still, what is most important, they emerge and shine.

PAUL ROSENFELD

DRAMA

"MEDICINE SHOW" (New Yorker Theater) is a "living newspaper" originally written for production by the Federal Theater but now sponsored by private persons. Though somewhat less spectacular than "Power" and "One-Third of a Nation" it is forcefully conceived, and it demonstrates once more that the technique worked out for these expository performances is by far the most effective ever devised for using the stage purely as a lecturer's platform. That does not mean of course that the "living newspapers" are, in either purpose or effect, dramas in any accepted meaning of that word. They are not. Their nearest relation is the "documentary" film, and even the documentary film usually strives somewhat more persistently for pictorial effects than the "living newspapers" strive for anything except fact and argument. The subject of the present performance is public health, and it is presented largely through dialogue and tableau more or

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less after the manner of the "expressionistic" play. But it is frankly only the "message" that counts, for there is little concession to any audience demand for either entertainment or aesthetic pleasure.

Such a performance is limited in its appeal to those interested in its subject matter, and they are, no doubt, the very ones least likely to be ignorant of the facts presented. That there is a demand for "living newspapers" sufficient to pay for their production is still to be demonstrated. I am not even sure that, in view of the other media through which such facts and such arguments can be presented, there is any important function for them. But if the thing is to be done, I hardly see how it can be done more directly or more forcefully.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

SCHNABEL has continued to enrich the closing weeks of the season with unforgettable performances—at his second concert with the New Friends of Music Orchestra, and at his recital at the New York Y. M. H. A. His performances of Mozart's Concertos K. 467 and 482 with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy were not as impressive as the ones with the New Friends Orchestra under Stiedry. The Philadelphia is a superb instrument, but it can play only as well as it is conducted; and in these performances it was conducted by a heavy-handed and tasteless musician. This not only spoiled what the orchestra had to contribute to the works in outlines and textures, but affected Schnabel's playing, since he is unusually sensitive to what the orchestra does in a concerto.

At the Y. M. H. A. Schnabel began—and began not too well—with Bach; and after the Toccata in D, which he played best, came Schubert's early Sonata Opus 147—those opening measures which formerly had sounded to me like the young Schubert's other grandiose attempts at the grand manner, and which Schnabel now revealed as an opening fully equal in genuine and exciting power to those which Schubert contrived for some of his later sonatas. The characteristic Schubertian harmonic surprises in this passage had been no more than characteristic Schubertian harmonic surprises; now in each unexpected harmony, as it was placed by Schnabel in relation to its context, I was suddenly aware of Schubert's reason for it—its breath-taking expressive force. This was only the first of the revelations that Schnabel accomplished in this work; and they were followed by the wonders of revelatory phrasing that he accomplished in Mozart's Sonata K. 576 and Schubert's posthumous Sonata in A.

This recital was the concluding event in the Y. M. H. A.'s celebrity series; and I cannot imagine an artist, a program, and performances less suited to the audience of such a series, and vice-versa. It would be pleasant to think that such audiences, presented with artistic greatness, are deeply impressed; but actually Schnabel's revelations were accompanied by sounds of mystification and boredom from many who were present. And at his second concert with the New Friends in Carnegie Hall a capacity audience created a commotion beyond anything I have experienced at a concert of this caliber. Here the worst disturbance occurred in the seating of the audience: not only were people seated between movements of a work, but they continued to wander down aisles and seat themselves during the movements; and people who had previously wandered down aisles and taken possession of seats they were not entitled to had to be pried out of them. And all this, it turned out, happened because the New Friends engaged fewer than the normal number of ushers. This organization seems able to command any amount of newspaper space for publicity stories about its unique devotion to music—about how it offers its audiences great music, not celebrated performers; how it tells anyone who asks who is going to play next Sunday that Beethoven is going to be played; how it sells out its concerts to subscribers who come to listen to Beethoven and who listen in worshipful silence. But the facts are that from the very first the New Friends has announced not only lists of works but lists of performers—and for the most part big-name performers; that it has done so because otherwise nobody would have come to the concerts; that the only concert that was sold out this year was the one to which people came to hear Serkin play with Feuermann and Busch; that the audiences have been normal concert audiences, with the normal number of people who have been there because it was the place to be, and who have betrayed their boredom in the normal ways. Ordinarily one ignores publicity and considers only the concert; and if I discuss the publicity stories in this case it is because they have a connection with that second Carnegie Hall concert: the New Friends talks about how out of devotion to music it forbids encores and frowns on applause between movements, but it ruins a performance of a Mozart concerto to save $5 on ushers.

Among Victor's April releases is a set of Mozart's Requiem made by the University of Pennsylvania Choral Society and Philadelphia Orchestra under Harl McDonald (M-649, $12). It is all right, and even admirable, for a college choral society to work up a performance of Mozart's Requiem with whatever resources it has and give the performance for the students and faculty and other interested persons. But to put such a performance on records; to give the permanence, the prominence, the authority of recording to a performance with what sound like student soloists—a wobbly soprano, a no more adequate alto and tenor, a baritone who cannot encompass the range of the bass part, and for whom this part must be rewritten in a way that robs it of its power (that eliminates, for example, the powerful wide leaps in the "Tuba mirum"); to make this the performance from which countless people are to derive their idea of the work—this is to betray an appalling lack of understanding or conscience.

Recording suggestion: If enough people make their interest known to Victor perhaps it will profit by Schnabel's presence in this country and have him record his performances of Schubert's Sonatas Opus 147 and Mozart's Sonata K. 576, and those extraordinary performances of Mozart concertos with the New Friends Orchestra.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Mr. Dewey's Methods

Dear Sirs: John Richmond's article on Thomas E. Dewey in *The Nation* of March 16 contains an amazing collection of misstatements. Mr. Richmond says that Mr. Dewey in securing his convictions used many devices "of a kind to disturb people who are vitally concerned with the preservation of civil liberties." He says that some of these devices "violated state law, others brushed aside the canons of professional ethics of the American Bar Association, and many were flagrant abuses of civil rights." These are serious charges; yet no supporting instances were cited—or could be. The argument is pure *ipse dixit.* The specific charges embodied in the author's cluster of supporting *statements* were thoroughly aired in our courts right up through the highest Appellate Court. All were specifically answered and exploded to the satisfaction of the judges. However, as one who was a part of the Dewey investigation, I am impelled to answer these statements, first pointing out that, naturally, every proper means was used to give the people militant representation.

No "phony grand-jury subpoenas" were used to bring in witnesses. If subpoenas open to legal attack had been used, some of the recalcitrant witnesses would have had them vacated. Of course, many persons were held under substantial bail as material witnesses. This was done on the basis of valid court orders. A prosecutor who allowed key witnesses to roam about, the prey of suborners of perjury and triggermen, would have been outrageously inhuman, as well as a faithless public servant. Material witnesses were not refused any "legal fee of $3 a day unless they testified favorably." Three dollars a day is a *maximum* fee which *may* be paid pursuant to court order, if the judge believes that the facts, including those bearing on the witness's indigence, warrant it. No one was held "incomunicado in the name of protective arrest." Attorneys are still familiar with the writ of habeas corpus. Similarly, defense attorneys could not be arbitrarily "forbidden to speak to witnesses." A serious problem was the impossibility of preventing defendants from frightening or bribing witnesses to stay out of the jurisdiction.

No reward was ever offered "for favorable testimony." On the contrary, all witnesses were searchingly cross-examined, and many were never called upon to testify because it was suspected that their testimony, though largely true, had been embroidered. Of course, many minor criminal figures—for example, prostitutes and madams in the Luciano case—were allowed to earn immunity from prosecution for their own relatively minor crimes by testifying before grand juries without signing waivers of immunity. The defense argument that this impaired their credibility was forcibly urged upon the trial juries—after the prosecution had frankly revealed the facts. The juries, to judge by their verdicts of guilty, apparently saw that important criminals can be convicted only on the testimony of their tools.

No searches or seizures were made without warrant. Subpoenas *duces tecum* were indeed issued, calling for the production of masses of books and records. They were carefully drawn and leaned over backward in their legality. The proof is the lack of success which attended motions to quash them in court.

In referring to *Liberty's* purchase from Cokey Flo and Mildred Harris, *after* the Luciano trial, of material based on their life experiences, Mr. Richmond makes a revelatory error. He says these women received compensation of $2,500 each. Actually they received $1,250 each. The question how much they received is not of any great importance. But the identical error is found in one of the inventive affidavits offered in support of Luciano's motion for a new trial, and nowhere else so far as I am aware. One wonders to what extent Mr. Richmond based all his statements on material cooked up by major criminals and terror-stricken minor figures—which has failed to impress any of our Appellate Courts.

BARENT TEN EYCK

New York, April 10

Rebuttal by Mr. Richmond

Dear Sirs: In reply to Mr. Ten Eyck I wish to say that my sources in some cases were the victims and their attorneys and in others the brief argued by Martin Conboy for Charles Luciano, defendant. Persons who had been served with grand-jury subpoenas have related how they rushed down to the grand-jury rooms and then were immediately taken to the D. A.'s headquarters and questioned. It was only later that they discovered there was no grand jury in session. The list of people called as witnesses in the Luciano trial indicates that those who did not testify favorably for the prosecutor did not receive any legal fee at all, regardless of their indigence. Innumerable prostitutes were jailed before this trial under inordinately high bail and refused permission to see friends or attorneys. The brief states that the defense attorney was refused access to the various persons held incomunicado on the pretext of their being material witnesses, though many of them never took the stand. In fact, the court even denied to the counsel of two women held by the prosecution the right to speak to them in the presence of the prosecutor, although there is no precedent for this kind of action.

Joe Bendix, one of the prosecutor's chief witnesses, testified during this trial that his wife was present in a restaurant with him in 1935 when he spoke to Luciano. As a matter of record, Mrs. Bendix at the period stated was in South America, and the jury was never informed of that fact. It was Mrs. Bendix whom the defense could not find when it wanted to place her on the stand, though the prosecutor, according to his later admission, had her available in the building at that time. It now appears, without contradiction, that while her husband was testifying—at the conclusion of which testimony the defense wished to confront him with his wife—Mrs. Bendix was in "the witness room behind the court," and that shortly thereafter she left the city but remained in touch with the prosecutor and available as a witness. The prosecutor not only failed to call her as a witness; he concealed her whereabouts from the defense counsel who wished to call her.

It is worth noting that Mr. Ten Eyck does not explain the document given to Mildred Balitzer, another principal witness in this case, by Mr. Dewey's assistant, Sol Gelb, witnessed by Frank T. Hogan, which stated that she would not be prosecuted for any offenses or crimes arising out of any testimony heretofore given by her to the grand jury or for any other previous offenses. The prosecutor admits that she testified falsely in this matter and offers an explanation which does not meet the important issue

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that the jury was permitted to weigh the testimony of this vital witness on the assumption that she was not influenced by any grant of immunity.

The question of illegal searches and seizures was definitely raised in the trial of Fritz Kuhn, and many lawyers assert that these devices have been resorted to even in less important cases.

I do not have to point out to Mr. Ten Eyck which of these practices violate laws of the land, which brush aside the canons of professional ethics of the American Bar Association, and which are flagrant abuses of civil rights, disturbing to people who are vitally concerned with the preservation of civil liberties.

JOHN RICHMOND

New York, April 15

Bertrand Russell and Benjamin Franklin

Dear Sirs: The statement of Bishop Manning and the opinion of Judge McGeehan in connection with the Bertrand Russell appointment have undoubtedly served to awaken fears in the minds of many parents with regard to the influence which the schools may have upon their children's morals.

I am the father of a sixteen-year-old daughter. She is of the same impressionable age as the daughter of Mrs. John Kay. The good Bishop and Judge McGeehan have made it clear that the influence of persons holding immoral views should be kept from the youth of this city.

At this moment the Board of Education is about to erect a new high school, which is to be one of the finest in the United States. This building, which is to be paid for with the taxpayers' money, is to be named in honor of a man who notoriously lived with women other than his wife, who had an illegitimate child by a woman whom he never subsequently married, who publicly acknowledged his illegitimate child, who wrote salaciously on matters of sex, and who entered into a marriage the legality of which was questioned at the time by the church and has always been in doubt because the prior death of the wife's former husband has not been established. This man wrote on the subject of sex in a manner which your magazine would not care to print. In almost any of his biographies can be found, for instance, a letter called "Advice to a Young Man on the Choice of a Mistress" which deals lucidly and lewdly with sex.

In matters of religion he was frequently in difficulties with the church. He described himself as a man who believed not in the forms of religion, but in the Golden Rule, and he was a defender and friend of Thomas Paine. This man's morals were as much out of tune with the church and *mores* of his times as are Bertrand Russell's today.

True, Benjamin Franklin, like Bertrand Russell, was also a scientist, mathematician, philosopher, and writer. But almost any biography which my daughter might obtain of Benjamin Franklin would disclose to her his immoral sex life and views. Surely, if the employment of Bertrand Russell as a teacher of philosophy is not permitted because of his views on sex, then the Board of Education should not be permitted to build a monument, with the taxpayers' money, to such a man as Benjamin Franklin.

It may be argued that the situation is different because Franklin is dead. But surely the good Bishop and the Judge would not countenance the city's naming a high school in honor of Bertrand Russell one hundred years from now, or in any case, in honor of a man who would have been barred from teaching in that school during his life because of his immoral views and practices. True, Franklin himself will not come in contact with the children, but the story of his life, as told by Carl Van Doren, Bernard Fay, Phillips Russell, and others, is only too easily available. Will not our children naturally seek to learn more about the man in whose honor their school is named and thereby be inspired to read these biographies and his own writings? Is this not exposing them to influences as pernicious as those from which the more righteous elements in our community sought to protect our youth by barring Bertrand Russell? Judge McGeehan, in granting the petition of Mrs. Kay, recognized this, as there was no claim that her daughter would have personal contact with Bertrand Russell at the College of the City of New York, since that school is conducted exclusively for men.

AN ANXIOUS FATHER

New York, April 18

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